

The Sketch

No. 1011.—Vol. LXXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1912.

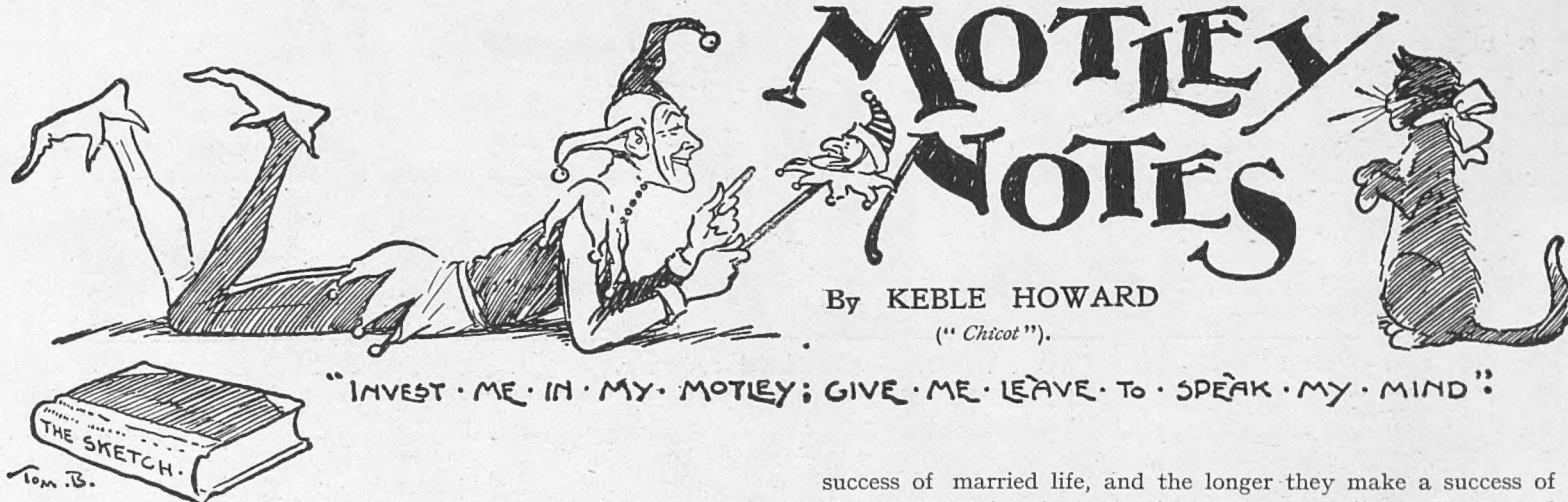
SIXPENCE.



"1812" AT FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING: GUESTS LEAVING THE HUNDRED YEARS AGO BALL.

The Hundred Years Ago Ball was held at the Albert Hall on June 6, and was a great success. Photographs of a number of the well-known people taking part in it will be found elsewhere in this issue. It was given in aid of the Incorporated Soldiers and Sailors' Help Society.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



Golden Words from Her Grace.

The Duchess of Sutherland is a lady after my own heart. (I have not the honour or pleasure of her acquaintance, and she has not the pleasure of mine, but neither of us must be discouraged on these accounts.)

I have been reading the Duchess's speech—it was really a Presidential address—to the Association of Teachers of Domestic Subjects. "In the sixteenth century," she observed, "the maiden, who knew Latin and Greek as the twentieth-century maiden will never know Latin and Greek, could weave, spin, and embroider in a fashion that has never been equalled, and her knowledge of herbal receipts gave her notions of health and beauty that only in quite latter times we have occasionally inquired into."

All this seems to me very cleverly put. The Duchess thoroughly understands her own sex. The slightly intellectually snobby girl—and there are so many slightly intellectually snobby girls—cannot get away from the statement that the girl of the sixteenth century could not only weave, spin, and embroider, but also had an exceptional knowledge of Latin and Greek. Here, in a sentence, the Duchess sweeps away all the twaddle about time wasted on Domestic Subjects that might be devoted to Higher Education.

Again, the slightly vain girl—and there are still a few slightly vain girls—will at once want to know as much about herbal receipts as the sixteenth-century girl.

If Her Grace Were a Man.

It all comes to this, that if you are beautiful and accomplished, you need not be ashamed of knowing how to make a cake or trim a hat. If you are not beautiful or accomplished, and you still do not know how to make a cake or trim a hat, what in the world is the use of you? The Duchess did not put it quite so bluntly as that. In all probability, she is not in the habit of speaking bluntly. I am, because I find that people get to know what you mean so much more quickly, and you can then drop the subject.

One thing, however, the Duchess did positively blurt out. "If I were a man," she said, "I would only marry a woman who had been taught domestic science."

It is always useful and pleasing when women say things of that sort, because men, whatever they may think, cannot say them. A decadent species of chivalry still pretends that any man who gets any woman to marry him ought to go down on his knees and water the garden-path with tears of thankfulness. And we all know, all the time, that it is only the man who gets the right woman to marry him who has any cause for gratitude. All this shouting and throwing of the hat into the air and the like, the very moment that any two people come out of a church or a registry-office as man and wife, is hypocrisy. People should enter upon married life in the humblest frame of mind—not with the idea that they are wonderful folk who have done something extremely clever and notable.

Congratulate the Old.

It is a good idea to give wedding-presents, especially if the bride and bridegroom are not rich. (As a rule, of course, the richer the bride and bridegroom, the handsomer the presents.) It is a good idea to wish them all possible happiness. But it is a silly and a misleading idea to load them with congratulations. You might as well congratulate a runner as he lined up for the race.

The people to be congratulated are those who have made a

success of married life, and the longer they make a success of it, the more worthy they are of our congratulations. There used to be things called "Tin Weddings," "Copper Weddings," and the like. Now we have only a mild sort of function called the "Silver Wedding," and a still milder one called the "Golden Wedding."

I should like to see all these functions revived, and I should like them to grow in gaiety and joyousness as the years mount up. A "Silver Wedding" should be a very jolly affair indeed, and a "Golden Wedding" should be a regular orgy of merriment. The old couple should be carried shoulder-high round the town or village as an example and encouragement to the young folk. It would not hurt the old couple in the least. Don't think that. They would be the first to enjoy the fun. People don't live together as husband and wife for fifty years without developing a sense of humour.

"Cease Your Lamentation."

A novelist writes: "I personally am lamenting my lot that I did not begin authorship by being a coastguard."

I would beg of him not to worry. Had he ever been a coastguard, he would never have been a novelist. Since he is evidently glad to be a novelist, it is lucky for him that he was never a coastguard. You will perhaps ask me why he would not have been a novelist had he begun life as a coastguard. I will try to tell you.

(1) Coastguards never write novels. There is not a single case on record of a coastguard turning novelist.

(2) The life of a coastguard is no fit training for a novelist. The mental vision of a coastguard becomes narrowed. You cannot talk to a coastguard for half-an-hour without discovering that his outlook on life is limited.

(3) Coastguards cannot sit at a table and write for hours and hours. They get out of the habit of it, and never recover the habit.

Here are three consolations for this novelist. It would be just as easy to argue that the life of a coastguard is the only fit training for writing novels, but I had not been incited to do that.

In conclusion, let him remember that coastguards (very likely) have to give a written undertaking that they will not become novelists before they are admitted to the full privileges and perquisites of guarding the coast.

A Snatch of Real Conversation.

HE. Ah, dear lady! So you prolong still your stay in this wonderful city!

SHE. How do, Count.

HE. My salutations! So you cannot yet detach yourself from your so good cousins—no?

SHE. Seems not. How about yourself, Count?

HE. Oh, but eet ees all too wonderstuffed—that Ranelagh! That 'Urlingham! You have been to the Universities—yes?

SHE. Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Dublin. That's a cunning little spot—that Oxford! I just had to have a snap of that main thoroughfare!

HE. That glorious 'Igh Street! Ah! I elevate mine 'at to that! But Doobleen? Tell me about Doobleen. You like it, eh?

SHE. I should say! I made Popper buy me a jahnting-car. I just couldn't bear to go home without one.

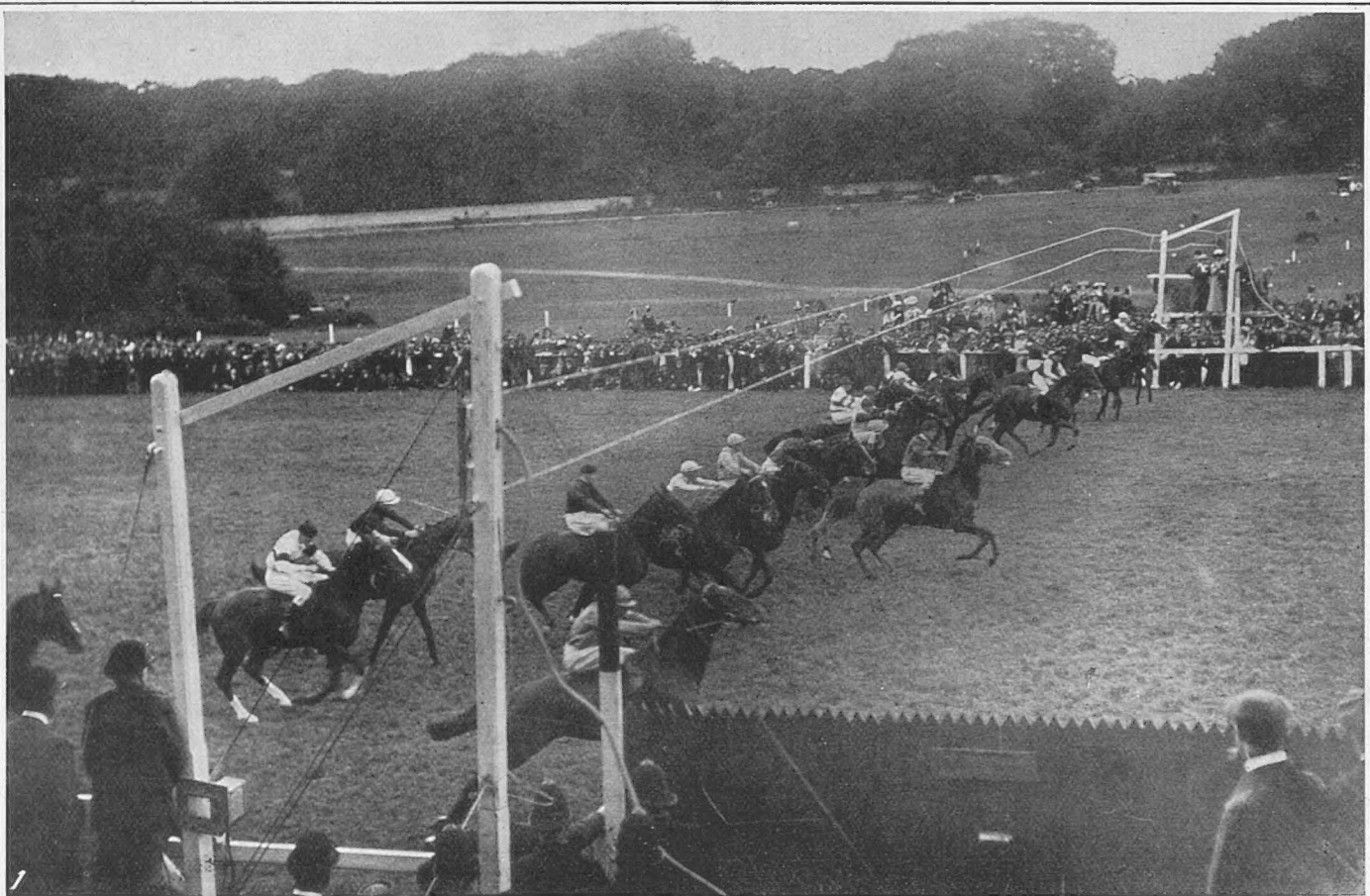
HE. What eet ees, this car? For the jaunt—yes?

SHE. Well, don't tell me you ain't ever seen a jahnting-car!

HE. Nefer!

SHE. Well, ain't that too bad! It's just the 'cutest—

FIRST OFF AND FIRST PAST THE POST: THE GREY FILLY WINS.



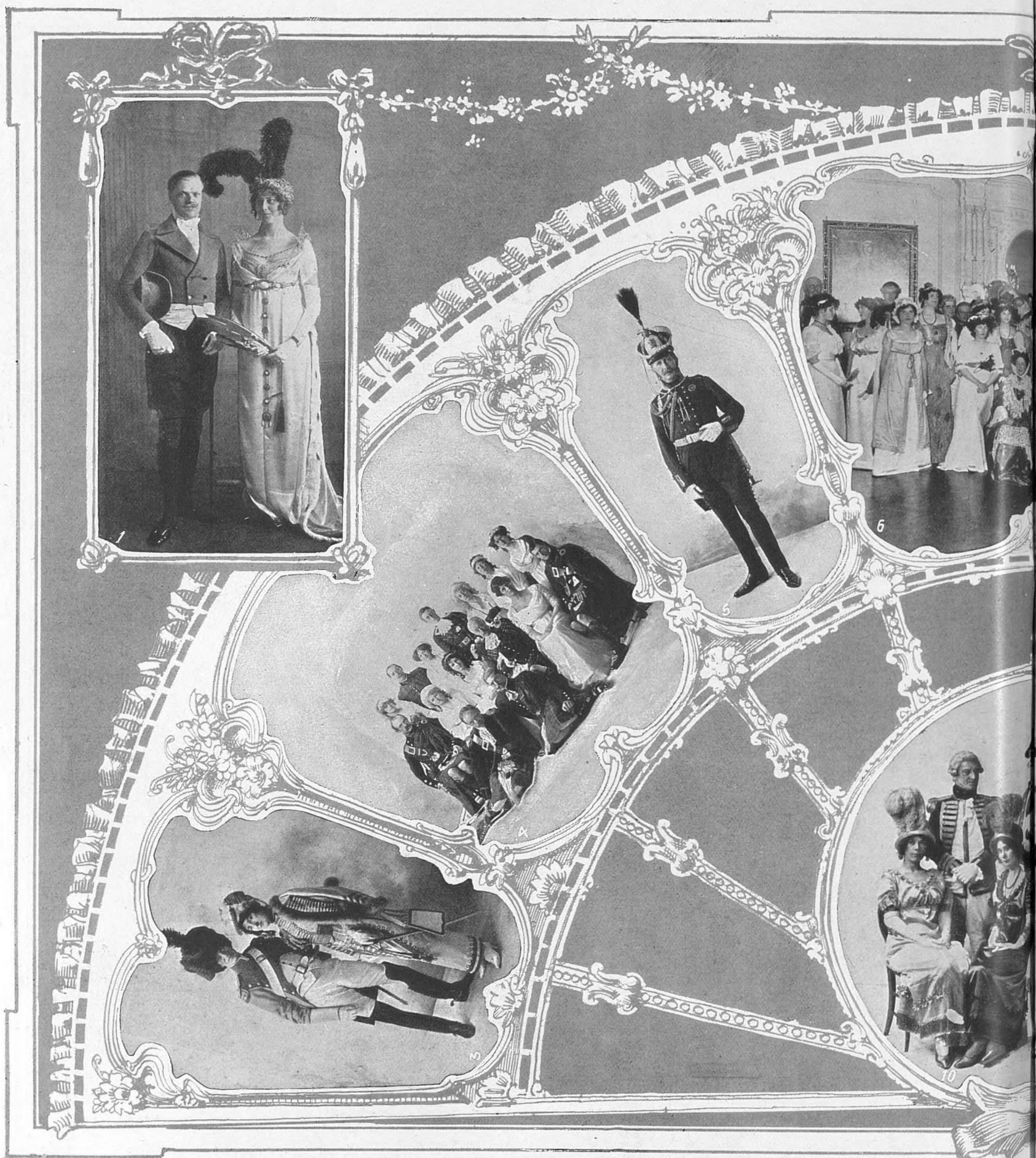
1. THE BEGINNING OF THE RECORD DERBY OF 1912: THE START —
TAGALIE WELL TO THE FRONT.

2. THE END OF THE RECORD DERBY OF 1912: THE FINISH —
TAGALIE WELL TO THE FRONT.

As we note elsewhere, Tagalie created a record for the Derby, from the fact that she is a grey filly. The time was slow — 2 min. 38 4-5 sec. Tagalie's owner, Mr. W. Raphael, is very well known in the City, where he is a member of a well-known Stock Exchange firm. His horse Louviers lost the Derby by inches in the "King's year." He has been racing for years.

Photographs by Sport and General.

DESCENDANTS AS ANCESTORS! THE HUNDRED



1. THE MARQUESS OF STAFFORD; THE MARCHIONESS AS THE LADY STAFFORD OF 1812.
2. MR. J. BUTLER; AND THE COUNTESS OF LYTON AS FLORA—IN THE JEUNESSE DORÉE QUADRILLE.
3. THE HON. FRANCIS CURZON; AND LADY NEWBOROUGH AS THE FIRST REGIMENT NEAPOLITAN HUSSARS—IN THE EUROPEAN REGIMENTS QUADRILLE.
4. THE HIGHLAND QUADRILLE: THE EARL OF LEVEN AND MELVILLE; THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF CASSILLIS; LORD NINIAN CRICHTON-STUART

- AS LORD MOUNT STUART; LADY NINIAN CRICHTON-STUART AS LADY PENELOPE CRICHTON; SIR MALCOLM MACGREGOR OF MACGREGOR AS SIR EVAN MACGREGOR; MR. AND MRS. ALASTAIR MACGREGOR AS SIR JOHN AND LADY MURRAY MACGREGOR; MAJOR THE HON. ARTHUR HAY; SIR SIMEON STUART; THE MARCHIONESS OF BUTE AS THE COUNTESS OF DUMFRIES; MISS ERSKINE OF CARDROSS AS LADY CHRISTIAN ERSKINE; AND MISS JOAN CAMPBELL AS MRS. GREGORY.
5. MAJOR TUDOR CRAIG AS A FRENCH SOLDIER OF 1812.
6. THE NELSON QUADRILLE: THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET AS THE DUCHESS

The series of Quadrilles which formed so prominent a feature of the Hundred Years Ago Ball, at the Albert Hall, included the Nelson, organised by the Duchess of Somerset; the Court and Society, organised by the Countess of Kilmorey; the European Regiments, by Lady Constance Hatch and Lady Newborough; the Ancestors, by Lady Sarah Wilson; the Drama, by Lady Tree; the Naval, by Lady (Alfred) Paget and Mrs. David Beatty; the Music, by Lady Maud Warrender; the Jeunesse Dorée, by the Countess of Lyton; the Highland, by the Marchioness of Bute; the Merry Past, by Viscountess Handinge and Mrs. Thursby-Felham; the India, by the Countess of Minto;

YEARS AGO BALL AT THE ALBERT HALL.



OF SOMERSET; LADY MERIEL BATHURST AS PRINCESS AMELIA; SIR EDWARD CHICHESTER AS ADMIRAL LORD HOWE; MISS BUCHANAN AS SUSANNAH BOLTON; LADY EMMA THYNNE AS LADY CAROLINE THYNNE; LADY LOCKHART AS JOSEPHINE; LADY IDINA SACKVILLE AS LADY IDINA WEST; MRS. LOEFFLER AS THE QUEEN OF NAPLES; LADY MURIEL PAGET AS MRS. DAVISON; LADY JELICOE AS LADY COLLINGWOOD; AND COUNTESS BATHURST AS COUNTESS BATHURST.

THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND, ORGANISER OF THE CRIES OF LONDON QUADRILLE, AS MOSCOW.

8. THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY QUADRILLE: LADY HUGH GROSVENOR, THE HON. MRS. EDWARD WYNDHAM, MRS. HARRISON, MRS. EDGAR BRASSEY, LADY GERARD, CAPTAIN THE HON. EDWARD WYNDHAM, EARL COMPTON, MR. BETHELL, CAPTAIN THE HON. ALGERNON STRUTT, MR. MCINTOSH, MR. G. MILLER MUNDY, MR. MURRAY SMITH, AND LADY ALASTAIR INNES-KER.
9. PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG AND LADY INGESTRE.
10. THE NAVAL QUADRILLE: CAPTAIN AND MRS. GODFREY-FAUSSETT, LADY CELIA COATES, LIEUTENANT ARTHUR LONGMORE, LIEUTENANT THE HON. SERELD HAY, SIR ALFRED PAGET, AND LADY PAGET.

the Naval, by the Hon. Mrs. Cyril Ward; the Waterloo, by Lady (Arthur) Paget; the Household Cavalry, by Lady Hugh Grosvenor; "Les Merveilleuses," by Mrs. Sofer Whitburn; the Highland Regiments, by Lady Inverclyde; the Sports and Pastimes, by Lady Mond; the Grenadier Guards, by Lady Loch; the Government, by Lady (Savile) Crossley; the Coldstream Guards, by Lady Muriel Beckwith; the Almack's, by the Countess of Arran; the Scots Guards, by Lady Methuen; the Jane Austen, by Mrs. Chaloner and Mrs. George Gibbs; the Dragoons, by Vicountess Maitland; and the Cries of London, by the Duchess of Rutland.—(Photographs by Lafayette and G.P.U.)

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THE HUNDRED YEARS AGO — OF LAST WEEK: PEOPLE SEEN AT THE GREAT BALL AT THE ALBERT HALL.



- | | | |
|--|---|------------------------------|
| 1. MRS. RALPH PETO AS JUNO. | 9. THE HON. MRS. A. HERBERT AS DIANA. | 10. MISS FELICITY TREE. |
| 2. THE COUNTESS OF ANCASTER AS HEBE. | 11. THE HON. G. BRODRICK. | |
| 3. LADY ALASTAIR INNES-KER IN THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY QUADRILLE; THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGH AS THE DUCHESS D'URSEL IN THE WATERLOO QUADRILLE; LORD TWEEDMOUTH AS ZIETEN IN THE WATERLOO QUADRILLE; AND CAPTAIN PAGET AS THE EARL OF UXBRIDGE IN THE WATERLOO QUADRILLE. | 12. LADY HELEN VINCENT AS COUNTESS DE REUILLY IN THE WATERLOO QUADRILLE. | |
| 4. LADY VIOLET CHARTERIS AS PALLAS ATHENE IN THE JEUNESSE DORÉE QUADRILLE. | 13. THE HON. G. MONCKTON-ARUNDELL AS THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK IN THE WATERLOO QUADRILLE. | |
| 5. COUNTESS ZIA TORBY AS THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH OF RUSSIA IN THE ANCESTORS QUADRILLE. | 14. MR. HENRY AINLEY. | 15. THE BARONESS VON HUTTEN. |
| 6. VISCOUNTESS CURZON IN THE COURT AND SOCIETY QUADRILLE. | 16. LADY BEERBOHM TREE AS MISS FARREN IN THE DRAMA QUADRILLE. | |
| 7. THE COUNTESS OF LYTTON AS FLORA IN THE JEUNESSE DORÉE QUADRILLE. | 17. VISCOUNT HARDINGE AS THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON IN THE WATERLOO QUADRILLE. | |
| 8. THE HON. MRS. HERBERT ASQUITH AS VENUS IN THE JEUNESSE DORÉE QUADRILLE. | 18. MISS M. GLYN, MRS. KENNEDY, AND LADY DUFF-GORDON. | |
| | 19. MISS SHANNON AS TAGLIONI. | |

Photographs by Lafayette and Sport and General.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

THE King and Queen have been to the Derby—and to the Derbys. Derby House knew its political importance in St. James's Square when it had a Prime Minister father and a Foreign Secretary son for its successive owners. But it seems quite

in accord with more democratic days that the Lord and Lady Derby of to-day, from their house at the north end of Stratford Place, should look out on the traffic of Oxford Street, have dentists for their neighbours, and the great drapers' shops for their accessories. Their Majesties do not often dine within earshot of motor-'buses, which, however, at Derby House, even with its windows open, is an agreeable hum rather than a raucous roar, easily drowned by the talk at the table—even the slightly subdued talk that always in England tells of the presence of royalty among the guests.

Not at Home. Flaming June is Blazing June at the hotels, which are illuminated nightly for the dancer. The majority of important balls are now given away from home. Lady Cotton-Jodrell's at Claridge's, the Caledonian Ball at the Cecil, Mrs. Abel Smith's at the Ritz, Lady Portarlington's at the Hyde Park, and Lady Eva Wemyss's at the Savoy, are typical of dozens more. Lady Joyce's, Lady Albertha Lopes's, Lady Beauchamp's, and Lady Nelson's, are distributed over the same ground. Lord Ribblesdale has taken Surrey House, which now serves anybody's turn; but Mr. and Miss Balfour decide for their own, 4, Carlton Gardens, Lady Leconfield for Chesterfield Gardens, Lady Bath for Grosvenor Square, and Lady Allendale for 144, Piccadilly. One advantage of the hotel is that women who give dinners for any particular dance can do it under the right roof. They dine their party, and then join the main gathering—in the next room.

The Newer Dances. Lady Naylor-Leyland has sent out invitations for a dance on the 29th, and her cards announce several royal guests. Princess Christian, the Duchess of Argyll, Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and Princess Louise of Battenberg will honour the occasion. Lady Naylor-Leyland, herself an American, does not love the latest inventions

of dancing America; she is almost as rigid a formalist as any of the Princesses themselves. Princess Henry of Battenberg has gone so far as to write of her dislike of turkey-trotting and bunny-hugging. These very names, to say nothing of the

newspaper comments on them, seemed enough to damn such dances long before they reached England. They sounded outrageous, much as a new fashion sounds before it has been accepted by the reputable world. But, for all that, both Princess Henry and Lady Naylor-Leyland will perhaps, before long, like the rest of us, take the more moderate forms of the new dances for granted. All the same, "bunny-hugs" will never be printed along with a list of Princesses on cards sent out from Hyde Park House, but if its floor never becomes acquainted with the measure of the new dance, the prophets and prophetesses among dancing devotees are much in error.



MISS MARGARET BETHUNE BLACK AND THE HON. CLARENCE NAPIER BRUCE, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

Miss Black is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Black, of Petersham Terrace, S.W., and Inshriach, Aviemore, Scotland. Mr. Bruce is the second of the four sons of Lord Aberdare, and was born in 1885. His eldest brother, Mr. Henry Lyndhurst Bruce, married Miss Camilla Clifford in 1906.

Photographs by Lallie Charles and Lafayette.



CLOTHED FOR VISITING AN ABNORMAL PLACE: LORD ST. ALDWYN (X) IN THE DRESS IN WHICH HE DESCENDED THE ABERAVON PIT THE OTHER DAY.

Lord St. Aldwyn, Independent Chairman of the South Wales Miners' Wages Board, whose recent decision on Minimum Rates caused a good deal of discussion, went down into one of the pits of the Powell-Duffryn Collieries, in the Aberdare Valley, to see the colliers at work. He remained below for some two hours and a half, and saw the men in normal and abnormal places. His Lordship is still, perhaps, better known to the man in the street as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



MISS HILDA COOPER AND VISCOUNT NORTHLAND, WHOSE WEDDING IS FIXED FOR JUNE 12.

Miss Cooper is the daughter of the late Sir Daniel Cooper, the second Baronet, of Woollahra, New South Wales. Her mother is a daughter of the late Sir James Grant-Suttie, sixth Baronet, and sister-in-law of the present holder of the title. Lord Northland is the only son of the Earl of Ranfurly. He was born in 1882. Formerly holding a commission in the Coldstreams, he saw active service in South Africa.—*Photographs by Lallie Charles and Lafayette.*

Mines for the Miner! When will a limit

be put to the demands made upon kings? Lord Stamfordham has just been at pains to explain that King George will not be able to go down a coal-mine during his visit to Wales! Why should he go down one? There are many reasons, especially while all questions of labour are, so to speak, *sub judice*, why he should not play the miner. But, apart from the platitude that his Majesty must not do anything that involves him in trade disputes, the desire to see exalted people doing all the pleasant or unpleasant things that other

people do amounts almost to mania. Aeroplanes were no sooner in the air than Princes and Prime Ministers had to go aloft. Why? They are not aviators. A dive in a submarine was an experience naturally undertaken by his Majesty, who is keen about all branches of the Naval service. But that does not mean that he has the time or inclination for all and every experience open to mankind. He can hardly avoid attending the races, and flower shows, and schoolboys' speech-days, and rifle-ranges. But the line must be drawn somewhere, unless he is expected, as King, to try the Woolsack, or an Editor's chair, or a bed at Guy's, or any other situation known in the rank and file of the nation.

ROYAL EPSOM: THEIR MAJESTIES AT THE GREY FILLY'S DERBY.



ON THE DAY TAGALIE MADE A RECORD BY WINNING THE DERBY: THE KING AND QUEEN AT EPSOM.

Both the King and Queen were at Epsom for the Derby, and although, unfortunately, his Majesty's Pintadeau did not win, the King had the satisfaction of seeing a race that was a record, in that for the first time the Derby was won by a grey mare. This fact should do much to dispel the racing superstition that greys are not lucky. The first of the colour to win the classic event was the horse Gustavus, which was first past the post in 1821. The Derby has now been won by a filly for the fifth time.

Photograph by L.N.A.



MANY ARE WRITTEN—FEW SURVIVE: THE REVIVAL OF THE ELDERLY PLAY.

Revival of "The Amazons." The forthcoming revival of "The Amazons" has caused many people to ask the question what chance of success is possessed by so old a work. For "The Amazons" was born in 1893, on March 7, and so is within two years of coming of age. Parenthetically, I may remark that it did not enjoy a very long life on its first attempt at existence, since it was withdrawn on July 8 in the same year, and this, according to the modern standard, is a short career. Yet many of us have pleasant recollections of the clever farcical play concerning the three young women whose parents, disappointed in hopes of a son, insisted on treating them, as far as possible, as if they were boys. Also there are melancholy memories connected with it, since one of the trio, the Lady Noeline, was Miss Lily Hanbury, an actress of great charm and talent, whose early death was a serious loss to the stage. It will be noticed that her old part is taken by her talented cousin, Miss Neilson-Terry. Moreover, Miss Rose Leclercq, who represented the Marchioness of Castlejordan, the finest *grande dame* actress of our time, also is dead. Miss Pattie Browne, a delightful player from Australia, who took the character of Lady Thomasin, has almost deserted London, whilst Miss Ellaline Terriss, the third of the girl-boys, has abandoned the legitimate stage for musical comedy, and musical comedy for the Halls. So there will be some sadness in the thoughts of those who remember the original production at the Court when they see the revival on or after next Friday of the agreeable, unambitious, amusing piece which, in a sense, concluded a period in the work of Sir Arthur Pinero: for his next work was the eventful drama, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

Dramatist versus Novelist. It is curious and instructive that people should regard with distrust the revival of a nineteen-year-old work by a leading English dramatist merely on account of its age. The ignorant might fancy the distrust to be founded upon the fact that the play dealt with some momentary fashion, some fad or folly of the time (but this is not the case), or was written when the author was a beginner. In fact, "The Amazons" was the twenty-seventh piece by Sir Arthur that reached the stage—four of them, it is true, being merely in one act. Moreover, in 1893, he was about thirty-eight years old, and had enjoyed many triumphs: one might name "The Rocket," "The Magistrate," "The Hobby Horse," "Dandy Dick," "Sweet Lavender," and so on. There is something quite remarkable in the theatre—and terrible, too—lying in the fact that, as a rule, it consumes a play completely. The poet, novelist, sculptor, musician, or painter regards all the works created after his arrival at maturity as fully alive during the rest of his existence: generally their financial value



MARRIED THE OTHER DAY TO MR. HUGH ARNOLD HENSON, MISS GLADYS GUY, AS RACHEL IN "THE FIVE FRANKFORTERS," AT THE LYRIC.

Miss Gladys Guy, "lent" to "The Five Frankforters" by Mr. George Edwardes, was married quietly the other day to Mr. Hugh Arnold Henson, who is also a "lead" under Mr. Edwardes's banner. Mr. Henson has played at Daly's, but is best known at present in the provinces. He is a native of Cheltenham, and the son of a stockbroker. The ceremony took place at St. Jude's, South Kensington, the Rev. E. A. Eardley-Wilmot officiating.

Photograph by Bassano.



DANCER IN "THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA": Mlle. ROSINA GALLI, THE GRAZIA OF THE PRODUCTION AT COVENT GARDEN.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

increases as he grows in reputation. But the dramatist looks back at his pieces and is forced to say to himself of this or that one that he is never likely to see it again, not because of any fault in it, of any inherent weakness. And this fact should be borne in mind by people who talk of the vast profits made by the successful dramatist. Perhaps it would be travelling outside my subject to touch upon the almost germane matter of the dramatists who die in their own lifetime, who are "back-numbers" long before their mental powers are upon the wane. Of the novels of the nineteenth century scores, perhaps hundreds, still are popular, and big prices would be paid for the copyrights if they were still existing; whilst of the plays, possibly not a dozen possess saleable acting rights unless they happen to be works of little artistic value.

The Better the Play the Worse. For here is the rub. As regards elderly dramas the general rule is that the commercial value of acting rights is in almost inverse ratio to artistic quality. Plenty of plays are upon the road of full age, and even older, still earning bucketfuls of money, year after year, and most of them would be jeered at if revived in the West End. Faded farces, antique melodramas, violent versions of sentimental novels, and mere knock-about pieces make a gin-horse round of the United Kingdom annually, whilst many works not old-fashioned in technique nor out of mode in feeling languish in obscurity, though better in quality than the average comedy of to-day. Turning, for the moment, back to Pinero, one may ask how many of the thirty-three plays presented by him in the last century are likely to be seen again by any of us. "Trelawny of the Wells" is still to the fore, and "The Gay Lord Quex" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." This revival of "The Amazons" forms my text; about the rest of them I have grave doubts. The likeliest, I imagine, is "The Benefit of the Doubt," which certainly was one of the best, and would, I think, have a greater chance of success than in 1895, when it only ran two months and a half. One might ask a similar question concerning the works of Henry Arthur Jones, for a long time rival in popularity with Sir Arthur. "The Liars" and "The Case of Rebellious Susan," both of last century, and "Mrs. Dane's Defence," of the year 1900, have been seen of late years; but will any of the others born before 1901, many of them triumphant in their day, ever see again the footlights of a fashionable theatre? I wonder and I doubt. It is possible that the London Répertoire Theatre, if and when it is born, will falsify these gloomy remarks. Certainly with a well-chosen company and a judiciously limited capital expenditure, a theatre might be run profitably and usefully on the basis of reviving the comparatively old plays that have made modern theatrical history.

THE BATTLE OF WESTWARD HO! REYNOLDS SKETCHES.



AMATEUR GOLF AT ITS BEST: THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Mr. John Ball, of Hoylake, beat Mr. Abe Mitchell in the final of the Amateur Golf Championship at Westward Ho! last week, winning at the 38th hole. Thus Mr. Ball became amateur champion for the eighth time—truly a remarkable record. He won the title for the first time in 1888, at Prestwick; and his other golfing honours are almost uncountable. He was born at Hoylake in 1863, and is the proprietor of the Royal Hotel there. Mr. Abe Mitchell, who was born in 1887, was a gardener, and is now a chauffeur to Sir Abe Bailey. He is a member of a noted golfing family and learnt the game at the Cantelupe (Artisan) Club at Ashdown Forest. He has played for England twice. In 1910, he reached the semi-finals of the Amateur Championship, but was beaten by Mr. Ball.

SKETCHES BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

HOW much better is State control than mere private enterprise! From a quarter of a mile of the 36-in. main at Hampton ninety tons of mussels have been extracted by the Metropolitan Water Board officials. The old Companies never hit on this economy. Soon the Board will be giving us a home supply of stewed oysters in our hot-water tanks.

It is strange how, since a hansom cab has been placed in the London Museum at Kensington Palace, we seem to meet one of these extinct vehicles at every street-corner.

And what is equally strange is that the oldest motor-car in the world, which was built in 1891, seems far more out of date than the hansom cab.

The Eastbourne lifeboat, when going to the assistance of a barque the other day, was towed out by a motor-

boat. To the non-nautical mind it is a wonder of the deep why the motor-boat could not have gone out without escort.

Pockets hidden among the vegetation in their hats are the latest whim among women. This is safer than the pocket in the stocking, for the *chevaux-de-frise* of hat-

pins would daunt any thief, however enterprising.



BALLADE OF SIMPLER NAMES.

(George and Mary are the most popular names, nowadays, and the vogue for high-sounding names of three and four syllables has passed away.)

No more do foolish parents try
The neighbours' envy to compel
By vain attempts to glorify
Their babes with names they scarce can
spell,
Like Ermyntude and Asphodel;
They're getting humbler in their aims,
And choosing Mary, Jean, and Nell;
This is the day of simpler names.

And little boys no longer sigh
Beneath a name they dare not tell,
Beneath the schoolboy's tragedy,
A name that measures half an ell.
Percy and Clarence hear their knell
In Edward, Henry, George, and James,
Past is the polysyllable—
This is the day of simpler names.



Those appellations which belie
The children who in suburbs dwell
(Amid surroundings all awry,
With Launcelot and Isabel,
Or Marmaduke and Philomel,
The fitting style of knights and dames)
No longer bind them with their spell;
This is the day of simpler names.

And, since our Sovereigns impel
Attention to the ancient claims
Of George and Mary, none rebel;
This is the day of simpler names.

If you suffer from bleeding at the nose the latest cure is to take the blood from the head to the legs by *thinking* that you are running up a flight of steps. You must not actually *do* it, because that would be unscientific and mid-Victorian. Besides, it would give you a lot of trouble.

Where are the boys of the Old Brigade? Why, trying to fasten on the new Peter Pan collar, which is warranted to make their rugged old faces like the ingenuous countenance of a choir-boy.



A scientific joker imparts the thrilling information that a man can cough or sneeze germs to a distance of more than twenty-two feet. Soon we shall have someone cutting the record for germ-jerking, and in a few years the sport will be included in the Olympic Games. Happily, here is something in which poor old England may be expected to excel.



In "Don," at the London Opera House, a pack of wolves has to appear on the stage. This will keep the front rows of the stalls from feeling bored if any of the animals happen to stray over the footlights.

One by one all our cherished illusions are dispelled. A sorrowful outcome of the lady-like quarrel between Mr. Taft and his little Theodore is the information that Mr. Champ Clark's name is not Champ, but Beauchamp. May we never learn that Watertight Smith's name is not Smith at all, but Faber!

REVENGE!

(There is no weapon quite so effective against the Queen Wasp as a lawn-tennis-racket. See also *The Sketch* of May 15.)

When the citizen read this exciting par.,
He took off his coat, and observed,
"Aha!"

She smashed my windows last time
she came,
But she caught me a little bit off my
game."

So whenever a queen wopse entered
again,

And lured him to shatter a window-pane,
He borrowed a racket and
followed this tip;
He swiped her to leg, and he
cut her to slip,
He took her full volley, he
took her full pitch,
Overhanded, backhanded, he
didn't care which;
And when he'd collected and
counted the dead,
He found himself rich at a
farthing a head.

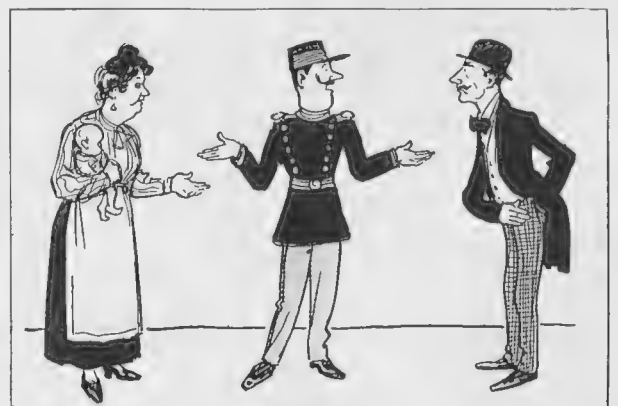


The perfume of strawberries, if you imbibe enough of it, causes a kind of intoxication similar to that resulting from the fumes from vats of fermenting wine. It is a pity that the strawberry season is so short, but during the thick of the dining-out month the perfume of the fruit will make a capital alternative excuse to the salmon.

Babies who are born in airships have now got to be registered at the first place at which the aviator descends. Babies, as every young father knows, are capable of anything, but mere registration does not seem half severe enough for such intempestive action on their part.

And, talking of babies, France is going to tax bache-

lors and give the proceeds to mothers of infants. This will teach the wretched humbugs with £80 a year to pretend that they cannot afford to have children of their own.



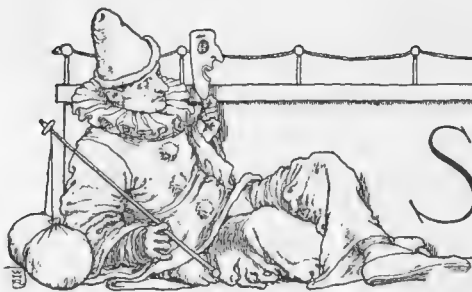
JU-JU: A NIGERIAN DIVORCE-PREVENTER; AND SCARS AS COIN.



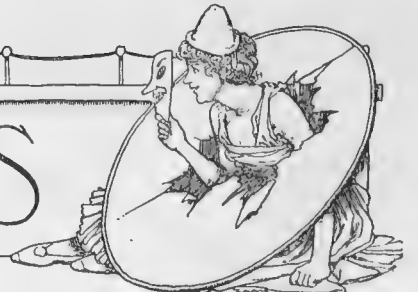
1. LONDON, PLEASE COPY IMMEDIATELY! A JU-JU TO KEEP WIVES
FAITHFUL—A WEIRD FIGURE SEEN IN NIGERIA.

2. WITH SCARS TO BE USED AFTER DEATH AS PAYMENT FOR FOOD:
A GIRL WITH GHOST-MARKS ON HER ARM.

Our photographs were taken during recent journeyings in Nigeria by Mr. F. Aumaury Talbot, a District Commissioner who has done most valuable work. Interviewed by Reuter's the other day, Mr. Talbot said: "The bush . . . is peopled by many terrors, but among these 'ojje,' or witchcraft, reigns supreme. The bird which flies in at your open door in the sunlight, the bat which circles round you at night, the small bush-beasts which cross your path while hunting, all may be familiars of witch or wizard, or even the latter themselves disguised to do you hurt." With reference to the second photograph, it should be noted that the natives believe that the scars can be removed after death and given to the ghosts in exchange for food.—[Photographs by Mr. F. Aumaury Talbot.]



STAR TURNS



PLAYER OF SEVEN PARTS EVERY EVENING: MR. ROBERT HALE.

AS "everybody is doing it," Mr. Robert Hale has, for the time being, migrated from the theatre proper to the theatre of varieties. He is the bright particular star of the Revue at the Empire, and represents no fewer than seven different parts, each sharply defined and absolutely different from the others, while so great is his mimetic gift that the real people he impersonates are instinct with their own individuality. The happy result he achieves is, incidentally, a tribute to his early training. He went for years "through the grind" of the provinces with many of the plays which had acquired a vogue in London, and he constantly played half-a-dozen parts in the course of an evening. The necessity of hiding his identity in so many different characters trained him not only in versatility but also in maintaining the different individualities for a certain time. Musical comedy, pantomime, farce, melodrama—everything had to be tackled in those touring days.

It need hardly be said that Mr. Hale was never intended for the stage. Few actors are. His father lived in Devonshire, and was for many years the Master of the Dartmoor Hounds. A public school and University man himself, he had mapped out a similar career for his son, but circumstances prevented it, and Mr. Hale determined to solve the problem for himself by going on the stage. From a kindly relative who talked his father into giving a reluctant consent to this course, he borrowed a five-pound note and started optimistically on his career. He secured an engagement to play in "Mr. Barnes of New York" for a week at Weymouth at the princely salary of £1. He was cast for the leading juvenile part, and, as that character did not appear in the first act, he was told he would also have to play the part of a young man who fights a duel in the prologue. That duel came within an ace of terminating his

while the "magnificent scenic production," consisting of one badly painted cloth, was carried in the rack, with a few dozen old empty cigar-boxes reposing in a hamper in the guard's van, to do duty later on as the brick wall of Portland Prison, the blowing-up of which formed one of the great sensational effects of the piece. When the villains fired the fuse and the explosion occurred, the wall collapsed, in obedience to a push from the back. Unfortunately for the realism of the scene, nobody had thought of fastening the covers of the boxes. In falling, they opened and the cigar-labels on the inside were revealed to the audience, which was more delighted than impressed by the incident.

Eventually, Mr. Hale was brought to London to play the chief comedy part in "The Medal and the Maid." Mr. George Edwardes saw him in it and engaged him, keeping him on tour for two years before he brought him to the Gaiety to appear in "The Girls of Gottenberg."

A stickler for realism, when Mr. Hale was cast for Slithers, a member of the light-fingered fraternity, in "Our Miss Gibbs," he determined to learn at first hand how these gentry work. He accordingly sought out a man who, he was told, could give him all the information he required. His request was met with a bland assurance that the man knew nothing at all about it. Under the mollifying influence of whisky, however, and the delicate flattery that the information was to be used for artistic purposes, the man's pride in his profession asserted itself. He said to Mr. Hale, "Just drop yer 'at on the floor and pick it up." Mr. Hale did so. As he put his hat on

again the man remarked casually, "And now I've got all you've got, guv'nor." Mr. Hale felt in his pockets. His watch was gone, so was his money, and so was the pin out of his tie. The man returned them with visible emotion, gratified at the actor's tribute to his skill, and proceeded to give his first lesson in the gentle art of picking pockets. Under his able tuition Mr. Hale became so expert that in "Our Miss Gibbs" he had to do his stealing much more slowly than he could have done, in order that the audience might see what he was doing.

His father, who was a great friend of the famous hunting parson, John Russell, had him taught riding at the earliest possible opportunity, and he was a very small child when he was "blooded" in the hunting field. Mr. Hale's great ambition used to be to ride in steeplechases, like his father before him. He came very near it on one occasion when he was asked to attend a certain meeting. On his arrival a man told him that he would be instructed at a bend in the course whether to win or lose.

To the man's amazement, Mr. Hale declined to accept the mount. He prefers the one he has at the Empire in the hunting scene. He rides so hard to hounds there that he has already worn out one gallant steed, and is wearing out another.



IN HEADRESS DIFFERING GREATLY FROM THAT OF THE NUN: MLE. TROUHANOWA IN "ISTAR."

It will be recalled that Mlle. Trouhanowa was the original Nun of "The Miracle" on its production at Olympia.

Photograph by Bert.



"TROUSERED" FOR THE DANCE: MLE. TROUHANOWA IN "LA PÉRI."

Photograph by Bert.

derived far more satisfaction from it than he does now from seeing his name in large letters in Leicester Square. The whole of the "specially selected company of London artists" which played in that melodrama travelled in one third-class carriage from London,



WITH MOST "DIRECTOIRE" SKIRT: MLE. TROUHANOWA IN "ISTAR."

Photograph by Bert.

From the Wilds — of the Imagination.

FOR SALE



DANCES WE HAVE NEVER SEEN: V.—THE HOP O' MY TOES.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

TOLD IN THE CLUB-HOUSE.



THE WOULD-BE (after a fluke putt and as his friends arrive within hearing distance): Yes, Caddie, not a bad putt, eh?—holing out from the edge of the green.

THE CADDIE: Very good, Sir—makes up fer them ten in the 'oller, Sir.

DRAWN BY BERTRAM FRANCE.



THE GOLFER (to the Caddie searching for a ball): Can you feel it?

THE CADDIE: No, Sir.

THE GOLFER: Then why don't you kneel down and see if you can see it?

DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBENY.

DERBY SILHOUETTES: "BLACKS" BY BATEMAN.



1. "HERE THEY COME!"

2. "THERE THEY GO!"

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



BATTLES IN MID-AIR: OFFENSIVE FLYING-MACHINES.*

Dispellers of the
Fog of War.

Deliberately, Mr. Claude Grahame-White takes his stand amongst the prophets, with Mr. Harry Harper at his elbow. Certainly, being an exceptional personage, he will find himself with honour in his own country. His record as pioneer airman is such that none will cavil when, with all modesty, he claims the right of the expert to deal with his own subject, not only as one who loves it but as one who is convinced of its great future. None, further, can fail to be

aerial bombardment, carried out systematically by a large number of machines, may readily be imagined." Again, "it has already been realised that several types of bomb are likely to be employed in aerial warfare, according to the targets which are aimed at. In an attack upon supply-stores, for example, an incendiary bomb may be used, so that the contents may be set on fire and destroyed; and the same kind of missile will probably be dropped upon dock-yards, arsenals, and magazines. For the destruction of bridges, for the attack upon troops on the march, and for the bombardment of encampments, some special form of explosive shell may be used."

Artillery v.
Air-Craft.

That for the air-craft as aggressor. What of its enemies and how will it defend itself? Certain weather conditions, of course, are against it; but it is many times more stable than it was. Mechanical troubles may bring it to earth and into the power of the foe, but they grow rarer and rarer. Gun-fire may wreck it. But, note: "As a matter of fact, tests which have been made up to the present time are in favour, not of the gunner, but of the aeroplane."

Aeroplane Fight-
ing Aeroplane in
Mid-Air.

Mr. Grahame-White sees the chief opponent of the flying-machine in its own kind. "The duty of an aerial fleet, armed and equipped for offensive warfare, will be to put out of action an enemy's aerial force before it can carry out its rôle of reconnoitring—or attacking vital points of communication." In those words, a military authority of international repute indicates the war in the air which will inevitably take place in connection with any future European campaign. . . . Aerial battles are bound to occur. . . . What is anticipated in the way of a fighting aeroplane is a machine which will carry two men, a pilot and a marksman, and be armed with some form of small quick-firing gun or rifle. . . . It seems probable . . . that armed aeroplanes will accompany each reconnoitring machine when it is about to set out over the enemy's position. These armed craft, or aerial cruisers, will most likely circle round the scouting-machine, so as to open fire upon any hostile aeroplanes which approach. . . . The reconnoitring machine would probably be a slow-flying, reliable biplane, equipped exclusively for its work of observation. The fighting machines, on the other hand, would be built for speed. Fast-flying,



Photo. by M. Rol.

THE CONVEYANCE OF THE WAR-AEROPLANE BY ROAD: A FRENCH MILITARY BREGUET BIPLANE TOWED BEHIND A MOTOR-LORRY WITH ITS MAIN PLANES FOLDED BY THE SIDES OF ITS BODY.

Reproduced from "The Aeroplane in War," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

impressed by the value he sets upon the air-craft in time of battle—the heavier-than-air craft. He sees the aeroplane's pilot or passenger dispelling the fog of war, revealing the every movement of troops, map-making, despatch-carrying, photographing fortifications, watching the effects of artillery fire and directing the guns, dropping bombs explosive and incendiary, striking terror in the hearts of the bravest below. There are things against the aeroplane men, he quite agrees, but there are many more things in their favour. "No longer," he argues, "will two Commanders-in-Chief grope in the dark. They will sit, so to speak, on either side of a chess-board, which will represent the battle-field. Each will watch the other's moves; nothing will be concealed. From a blundering, scrambling moving-about of masses of men, modern warfare will become—through the advent of the aeroplane—an intellectual process. . . . Imagine two armed men approaching each other, one being blindfolded. The Commander-in-Chief without aeroplanes will be like a blindfolded man."

The War-Plane;
and Bombs.

And the war-plane that is to come will have various aids which are to a considerable extent denied it now. In its ideal form it will carry a crew of not fewer than three. "First comes the engineer; his task is to attend to the motor. He is given a seat right up in the bows of the machine, and just behind the engine. . . . Behind the engineer . . . is seated the observer. He is free from all duties save the carrying-out of his observation work. . . . Behind the reconnoitring officer comes the pilot of the machine. . . . His attention is devoted exclusively to steering and preserving the lateral stability of the biplane." Wireless will enable messages to be sent from it while it is in flight; it will have automatic cameras attached to it; it will have bomb-dropping devices; it will be armed with a light gun to supplement the observer's rifle; its speed, the heights it will reach, and the ingenuity of its manoeuvring will make it far from an easy mark for the enemy. Think of it, too, not as a single spy, but in battalions. "When delivering an attack upon a city, a squadron of aeroplanes engaged in such work would, declare military experts who have specially studied the problem, probably sweep over the principal buildings in a long line, dropping bombs as they flew. Then they would wheel round, and return over the same area, again releasing a certain number of missiles. The disastrous effect of such an



Photo. by Franger.

AS USED BY THE FRENCH ARMY, WHICH IS AHEAD OF ALL OTHERS IN MILITARY AVIATION: A BREGUET WAR-AEROPLANE, WITH PILOT AND OBSERVER IN THEIR PLACES.

Reproduced from "The Aeroplane in War," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

strongly built monoplanes would most likely be used; and one prominent constructor suggests that such fighting units should be fitted with a gun firing a small explosive shell, something like a 'pom-pom.' "The Aeroplane in War" should be read by all who desire knowledge of things as they are, and as they inevitably will be: it is expert enough to satisfy the most expert, fascinating enough to enthral the least. In addition, its lessons are as valuable as they are directly given; may much profit come of them!

* "The Aeroplane in War." By Claude Grahame-White and Harry Harper. Fully Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie, 12s. 6d. net.)

BLUSHING TO FIND IT FAME.



THE MAGISTRATE (*about to commit for trial*): You certainly effected the robbery in a remarkably ingenious way; in fact, with quite exceptional cunning—

THE PRISONER: Now, yer Honour, no flattery, please; no flattery, I begs yer.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



A FOOL'S PARADISE.

By MARGARET MCCARDLE.

TOUT Paris was beginning to think of dinner, and Paul Seymour's thoughts were dallying with the same pleasant theme as he turned sharply round the corner of the Rue Royale into the Boulevard de la Madeleine, and collided somewhat forcibly with a tall, broad-shouldered man, who was rapidly making his way in the opposite direction. Under normal conditions Paul's manners were unimpeachable, serenity his strong point, but the stranger was distinctly in fault, and Paul was hungry—a state of affairs which prompted a stronger and shorter exclamation than the amiable and conventional "Pardon, M'sieur." At the sound the stranger wheeled abruptly and at sight of his face Paul felt a number of years slip suddenly away, as his scowl changed to a look of astonished recognition.

"Ellerslie, by all the gods!" he exclaimed. "Where did you drop from and what are you doing in Paris?"

"Why, I pitched my tent here about two years ago and am now a fixture. Man, it's a treat to see you again—brings one back with a rush to the good old days at Julian's. Come across and have a drink and give an account of yourself."

"It must be quite five years ago," reflected Paul, as they seated themselves at a little round iron table outside the café; "since then I've come to see the error of my ways, have given up flirting with the Muses and taken to hunting the fox instead. An uncle left me a small place in Cheshire and enough to get along on, so I play the part of an English country gentleman with indifferent success. It's all right in the hunting season, but after that I get a bit restless and generally find myself crossing the Channel. You look as if you found life worth living. What about the big picture? Have you set the Seine on fire?"

Ellerslie's face clouded a little.

"Oh, I got the picture under way, but it doesn't seem to get on, and nowadays I have no time for really decent work; it doesn't supply sufficient butter for the household loaf, so I have to devote myself to pot-boilers, and there isn't much daylight left for the *chef d'œuvre*."

"What a sybarite you have become! When I knew you last you would have been content to have the loaf without butter and——"

"You see, now it's a loaf for two, and butter is a necessary adjunct," broke in Ellerslie, his face lighting up with a beatific expression.

And, without further ado, he poured forth the tale of his happiness. Six months ago he had married the prettiest, most charming, most perfect woman in the world. They had a very nice little *appartement* out at Neuilly, *au cinquième*, a fine, airy situation and a good north light. And Yvonne knew how to make a home both comfortable and pretty. Was Seymour married, by the way?

An answer in the negative brought a look of compassion to Ellerslie's good-humoured countenance.

"Ah! Until lately I never realised, either, what I was missing," he asserted. "But, after all, you know, nothing else really counts. It's a wonderful thing to feel that one is the only man in the world to one woman."

"It must be," assented Seymour politely. "And so the vixen Fate has treated you kindly, on the whole?"

"Very kindly. You know ambition and undying fame and a career are all very well, but a great name needs a lot of making, and I found it up-hill work, especially when my only rich relative, a crusty old bachelor uncle, chose to disapprove of my marriage and withdrew his moral and material support. Then I couldn't afford to day-dream any longer, but had to take any sort of regular work I could get. Luckily, we haven't, either of us, expensive tastes, and we manage to get along quite decently."

"So he sacrificed his career to his wife," reflected Seymour, who was of a cynical turn of mind, and who still retained a vivid recollection of studio prophecies with regard to Ellerslie's future.

"Yvonne has a real genius for household finance," continued the latter unsuspectingly; "I have lived quite luxuriously since my marriage, and she is even able to save."

"You certainly seem to have drawn the *gros lot* in the matrimonial lottery," returned Paul laughingly. "My heartiest congratulations!"

Possibly Ellerslie detected a tinge of scepticism in these last words, for he added hastily—

"You must come back with me to meet Yvonne and judge for yourself."

"Rash Benedick! Your wife would hardly thank you for launching a stranger on her unawares," responded Paul, who felt small inclination to exchange a *recherche* little dinner at the Continental for a modest supper in the far-off wilds of Neuilly.

"Oh, that won't ruffle her at all. As a matter of fact, I'm not expected myself, for Yvonne persuaded me to go to the Club to-night. She's not a bit selfish or fussy and doesn't want me to neglect my old friends on her account."

"What, you yourself are not expected and then you propose to bring a stranger!"

"Exactly," interposed Ellerslie eagerly, "then you will see how Yvonne can rise to the occasion and cope with any difficulty. You will be so much impressed that you will want to marry right away—although it's true there is only one Yvonne."

His tone of conviction was comical and almost swept away Seymour's lingering doubts. He felt a faint curiosity to see this feminine wonder, who was no doubt a woman like hundreds of others, but who was able to bring such a light of happiness to his friend's eyes. He had not the heart to damp the other's enthusiasm by lack of sympathy, and made no further objections.

They hailed a passing fiacre and were very soon mounting the steep stairs which led to the little *appartement au cinquième*.

Ellerslie rang twice.

"That's so that she may know who it is," he explained. "The *femme de ménage* goes away early; we only have her in by the day—Yvonne thinks that's more economical."

It seemed a long time before the door opened, but when finally it was thrown wide, Seymour experienced a distinct thrill of surprise. She was certainly a charming woman, and he had known pretty women of all nations. Of medium height, slender and svelte, with dainty, almost childish features, framed in masses of black hair. Extremely well dressed, too—not at all like the wife of an artist unknown to fame.

Ellerslie introduced them, pride in his eyes, and Seymour fancied he could detect, underlying the smiling courtesy with which he was received, a slight constraint as though the surprise were not altogether a pleasant one. He felt sympathetic; Ellerslie was really a tactless idiot, who failed to appreciate the housekeeping difficulties of a small establishment. But when he suggested that they should all go out and dine together at a restaurant, both husband and wife protested.

"Why, it will be no trouble at all," asserted Yvonne, "if Philip would take Mr. Seymour into the study for a few minutes."

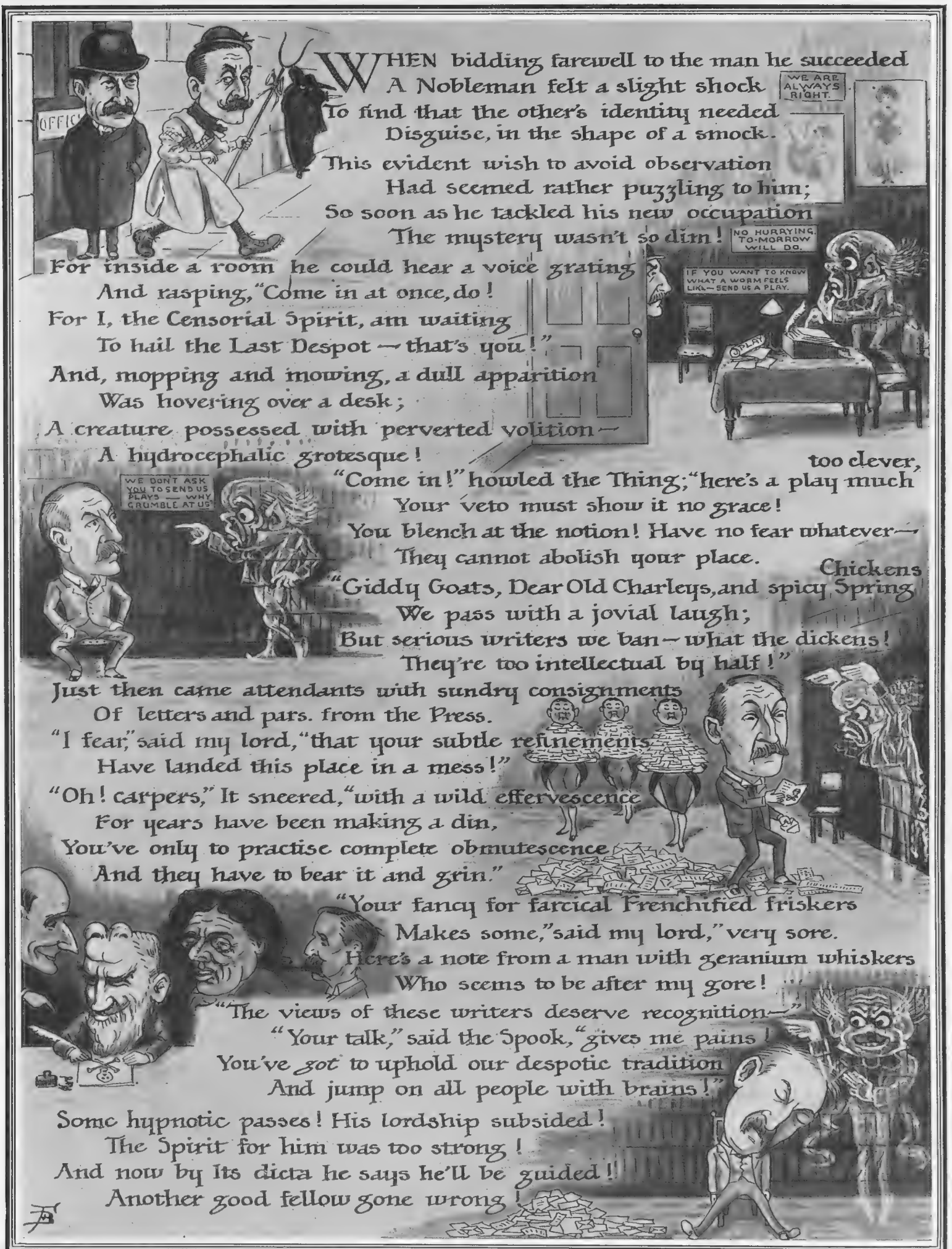
And, indeed, in a wonderfully short time they were summoned to supper. Paul began to credit Mrs. Ellerslie with some of the domestic virtues which her husband had claimed for her.

The table was daintily laid, lighted by rose-shaded candles, gay with flowers and fruit, and appeared to be well covered with various cold delicacies. A lobster mayonnaise held the place of honour; a bottle of Rudesheimer was already uncorked.

Ellerslie beamed and glanced towards his guest triumphantly.

[Continued overleaf.]

Brown Studies: A Poet's Corner in Celebrities. FOR SALE



"Why, Mrs. Ellerslie, you must have a fairy wand hidden away somewhere. Here we arrive down on you, unexpected and uninvited, and it almost seems as though you had awaited a highly honoured guest," exclaimed Seymour, bowing laughingly towards his hostess, as they sat down.

"Oh, you don't know Yvonne's capabilities in this direction," chimed in Ellerslie; "but, I say, didn't that sound like the corridor door?"

"No, the kitchen door must have slammed—I left the window open. Sit still, I'll just go and see to it," responded his wife.

"Well?" asked Ellerslie, as she left the room.

"I congratulate you, *mon cher*. Mrs. Ellerslie is charmingly pretty and undoubtedly clever."

"Good, as well." Then, with a slow flush, he added—

"And she's most awfully fond of me—that's the greatest thing of all."

"Well, why shouldn't she be? You wouldn't be a bad sort to live with, I should think. I say, is your mother still alive? I remember what a lot you and she meant to each other."

A shadow passed over Ellerslie's face.

"My relations disapproved of my marriage on account of my career, and treated Yvonne in a most unfriendly fashion. Then there were feminine jealousies, and I naturally took my wife's part; consequently there was a split which has gradually widened."

"Not only his career, but his family," reflected Seymour, whilst he answered—

"It's always like that in life. One has to pay for every bit of happiness with a sacrifice of some sort."

And as he spoke, some inward feeling for which he could hardly account made him wonder if Ellerslie had not possibly paid a little too heavily.

Yvonne came back to the room and the meal proceeded merrily again. As they moved towards the tiny balcony for coffee something on the floor caught Ellerslie's eye, and he stooped to pick up a man's grey-suède glove.

"Hullo, why where did this come from?" he ejaculated.

"It's mine," said Paul hastily, taking it from his friend's hand and slipping it into his pocket. He hardly knew what sudden impulse prompted his quick action.

"Since when have you taken to gloves like that?" demanded Ellerslie. "Since you rose to the dignity of a landed proprietor?"

Yvonne stood somewhat in the background. Seymour caught a glimpse of the soft, childish face which for a moment was set stonily, and then relaxed again into a smile. She moved close to him as though she wanted to say something, and her sleeve brushed his arm. He met her look calmly, coldly, with a tinge of contempt. Then her eyes left his and a wave of crimson flowed over her face. Outside Ellerslie was smoking on the balcony, gazing serenely out into the warm June night.

"So that's what his happiness amounts to," thought Seymour. "Good Lord! If only she had spent a little longer over the preparations for supper! Ten minutes was really not enough; but even

the cleverest women fall short when it comes to counting. And the wine was too good—much too good—for people who have to count their sous."

"Yvonne, won't you give us a song?" suggested Ellerslie.

"If you like," she replied, with the usual little sigh, and moved towards the open piano, on which a piece of music already lay.

"My favourite," whispered Ellerslie; "she has been practising it for me."

Yvonne sang well—her voice had been cultivated, and its tone was pure and clear. Seymour lay back and looked at Ellerslie, who was gazing at his wife's face with a rapt expression which, as he was by no means musical, could hardly have been due to the song.

Seymour was seized with a sudden desire to laugh, a mad, uncontrollable desire which made him physically uncomfortable.

The song came to an end with a crash of chords.

"Bravo!" he cried, "you sing like an artiste."

"My wife is an artiste," remarked Ellerslie proudly. "She was trained for the stage, and has even appeared once or twice on the boards."

"The stage has certainly lost a star," rejoined Seymour politely, as, after another song, he rose to take his leave.

"By the way, Ellerslie," he remarked, as he moved towards the door, "if I were you I should give up that practice of ringing twice."

"Why?" asked Ellerslie in astonishment, whilst Yvonne darted a dagger-like glance at him.

"Well, somebody might come to know of it—a burglar, or an undesirable character of some sort, who might some day give your wife a fright. Would it not be better to carry a latch-key?"

"Perhaps it would," responded Ellerslie; "I'll just get the key of the outer door, and see you safely off the premises."

Seymour was left for a moment alone with Yvonne in the passage and took advantage of this opportunity to draw out the glove and

lay it carelessly on a small table. He lifted his coat from its peg and hid a smile as he noted when he turned again that the glove had disappeared.

Ellerslie came back with the key, and as he accompanied his guest down the stairs, he again inquired eagerly, "Well, did I say too much?"

"No indeed," returned Paul—"too little, rather."

"I knew you would think that. You should really marry, Seymour, though, of course, it all depends."

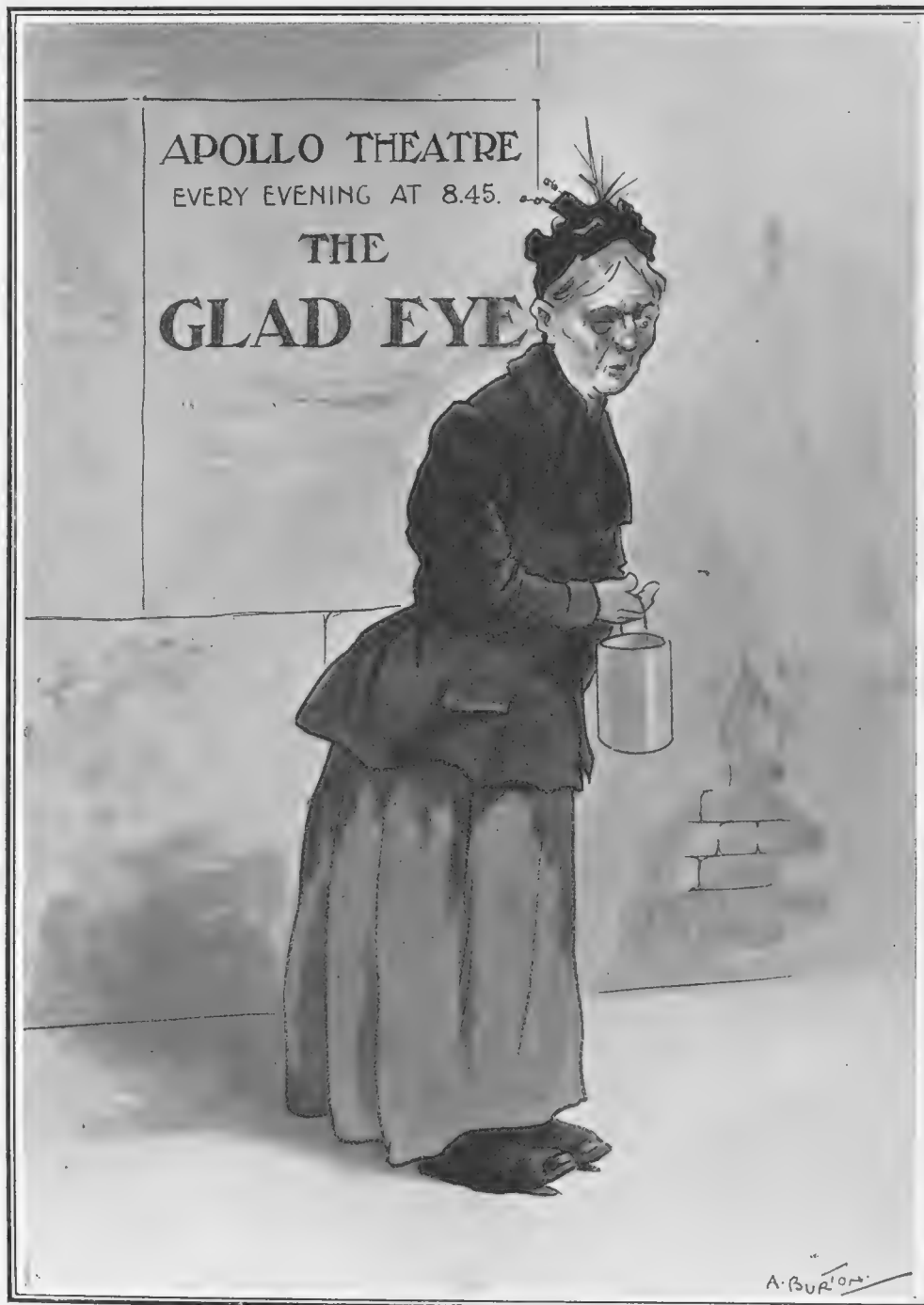
"Yes indeed, it all depends. Good-night, and many thanks. I had a most interesting evening."

Paul stood in the shelter of the door for a moment whilst he lighted a cigar, then crossed the street, and as he looked back, he saw the two he had just left standing on the balcony, their silhouettes plainly shown up against the light in the room beyond. Ellerslie had put his arm round his wife, and her head rested against his shoulder.

Seymour stood watching for a moment, and when they observed him, they stepped close to the iron railing and called down "Good-night!" while Yvonne waved her hand in airy salute.

"Canaille!" muttered Paul, as he returned the greeting, and moved away down the street.

THE END.



WORDS NOT WANTED!

DRAWN BY A. BURTON.



ON THE LINKS

FROM THE AMATEUR TO THE OPEN: PROSPECTS AND RETROSPECTS.

The Open Championship.

After the ladies come the men who are amateurs, and after those amateurs come a mixture of them with the professionals. That is the rule of things in the order of the golf championships, and, with the first two of them over, we have now to consider the third, the great Open event, which, in a sense, is the real championship of golf, and which begins at Muirfield about the middle of next week. At the first convenient opportunity I must say something more about



PROBABLY THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD: THE GREAT BUNKER AT THE FOURTH AT WESTWARD HO!

THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: PLAY AT WESTWARD HO!

Mr. Hutchinson drove the first ball of the matches for the Amateur Championship, at Westward Ho! Thus chance made appropriate choice, for Mr. Hutchinson is the first of amateur champions and of Westward Ho! golfers.—(Photographs by Illustrations Bureau and R.P.S.)

the Amateur Championship just concluded at Westward Ho! and some of the matters that most impressed the golfers there, but for the time being, the coming event at Muirfield is predominant in golfers' consideration. There is a large section of the golfing public that do not know one amateur or his record from another, and can never stir up any enthusiasm in themselves concerning amateur competitive golf of the first class. I am sure that in a large proportion of cases, even though they be fairly long handicap men, they have a kind of sub-conscious feeling that that sort of championship golf is not so very far removed from their own class. They have not the deep respect for it that they have for the game produced by the great Open champions of the time—James Braid, Harry Vardon, J. H. Taylor, and one or two of the others who are coming on—who never seem to be merely and solely human as all amateurs are, but to have entered into some kind of working arrangement with the gods. To these people the Open Championship, as they read about how it goes on in the newspapers, is a great treat. I believe they are much happier for reading about it than seeing it, for I, who have seen many of them for long years past, cannot honestly say that I look forward to the week as if I were about to enjoy a short holiday in Paradise. The early part of the business is inexpressibly dull, and it will be duller than ever this year, now that the authorities have tacked on to the competition a qualifying ordeal of two rounds, the scores in which are not to count. I have been quite unable to see the merit of this arrangement, but lately I have discussed it with a number of highly placed and most reasonable amateur golfers, for whose opinion I have the utmost respect, and they can see much merit in it, and especially in the arrangement by which the qualifying competition occupies the whole of the end part of next week, and the real business of the competition proper begins on the following Monday.

The Critical Round. What I was going to remark, however, was that, the first part of the competition being so dull, the only time when interest begins to brighten up is towards the end of the third round in the competition

proper. This is like the beginning of the straight in a horse-race. It is getting time that the man who is going to win the championship shows himself, and generally he does so at this stage. It is really wonderful how often the man who is going to be champion draws out a little at this period. Then the next exciting time is towards the last half of the last round. The champion-elect, as you might almost call him then, is fighting hard, but comfortably, to justify his position; while three or four others are generally in an agony of great and fruitless effort trying to catch him up in the scoring, and hoping beyond hope that the great man will come to some horrible fate in a big bunker before he gets to the end of his round. The state of things was less like this than it had been for many years past last year at Sandwich, when there were half-a-dozen men doing their last half-rounds with very good chances of winning the championship; and certainly, until near the end of the day, not many of us really believed that Harry Vardon's score, which had had rather a heavy fourth round tacked on to it, would win him through, as it did, or, rather, give him the tie with Massy, the result of which most people anticipated. On the other hand, the circumstances in several previous championships were very much as I have just described them, and notably in that at Prestwick in 1908, when, after some disquieting incidents in his morning round, James Braid sailed in a comfortable winner in the afternoon of the last day, with some other notables, like Sandy Herd, striving desperately in his wake.

Winners at Muirfield.

Now hitherto the Open Championship has only been played four times at Muirfield, near North Berwick and Gullane, where it will be played next week. The first time it was held there was in 1892, and that was the occasion of Mr. Hilton's first success in any championship. The second Open at Muirfield was won by Harry Vardon, this being the memorable occasion when he tied with Taylor, and won on playing off, chiefly by virtue of his fine putting with that old creak that he had picked up in Ben Sayers's shop. The third championship at Muirfield was won by James Braid, and the fourth also, the latter event, in 1906, being remarkable for the fact that the triumvirate finished in the first three places, and until almost the last shots



PLAYING FROM A BURN: MR. C. BRYCK, AT WESTWARD HO!



PLAYING OUT OF THE FAMOUS RUSHES: MR. HORACE HUTCHINSON.

had been played by all of them it seemed that almost any might win. That was a wonderful meeting in its way. I remember Mr. John Graham leading off with a record-breaking score, and the terrible duel that there was between him and Taylor, who had to play with each other towards the end. Taylor rose to his grandest heights during that encounter. A feature of these four Muirfield championships is that in three of them a man was made champion for the first time—that is to say, Muirfield picked a new man, and the fourth time it stuck to the man it had crowned on the previous occasion.

THANKS TO GEORGE III.: THE FOURTH OF JUNE AT ETON.

The Gift of George III.

Although the Fourth of June at Eton is a date familiar in all men's minds, possibly not one in a thousand non-Etonians realises its actual significance. The Fourth is the great day of the Eton College year. It is not Founder's Day, which is a minor festival; it is no anniversary of patron or other saint; it does not mark the bestowal of any charter or privilege. It is simply the anniversary of the birth of George III. That well-intentioned monarch went upon a day to Eton, found it full of soaring human boys whose manners pleased him, left £100 for their entertainment, and straightway immortalised himself. That £100 was the best investment he ever made for keeping his memory green. With just the reservation that nobody on earth outside Eton and the friends of its students knows what the date really means.



IN THE POT, ETON BOYS WITH FLOWERS
FOR THE FOURTH.

Photograph by Sport and General.

day during the last century and a quarter, Hanoverian and Jacobite have repaired in company to the historic college, "degenerated into scheming M.P.s or clever lawyers or portly doctors . . . to regain for one day the dignities of Sixth Form Etonians." The programme is the same year after year, old yet ever new. Costume and custom do not vary; "R. L. S." and Tennyson and Kipling come into Speeches, motor-cars instead of four-in-hands or even the "double-barrelled Iron Demon," as they called the Great Western, take guests down from town, but the

The Unchanging Atmosphere.

Upon many a brilliant



PERSONAGES: THE HON. G. W. E. ELLIOT, SECOND SON OF LORD MINTO
(A COX); AND MR. F. F. V. SCRUTTON, CAPTAIN OF THE BOATS.

Photograph by Sport and General.

atmosphere and the setting are the same, and men weary with years and responsibilities are boys again on the Fourth.

"Something of An Accident."

Decidedly George III. builded better than he knew when, in 1762, he visited Eton and left his £100 in the palm of the Provost. With a lively sense of favours to come, as well as of gratitude for those received, Eton began to celebrate his birthday, and has never ceased to do so. Yet the Fourth is something of an accident, for, rightly speaking, the birthday of George IV. should have been celebrated in turn; but as it happened during school holidays it passed unnoted, and the College continued to revere the memory of the man of the £100, and the sheep and oxen that he had roasted for the scholars of his day, the German plays to which he had invited them, and the spiced wine and steaming coffee with which he had regaled them at Windsor. And every Etonian of to-day believes that the Fourth will go on being celebrated for all time, just as non-Etonians believe that it

has been kept from the foundation of the College. But time brings strange things to pass. Institutions wear out and give place to others, even at the seat of learning—

Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade.

For the truth is that the Fourth owes much of its latter-day popularity to the fact that it has taken the place of Montem. Montem had lasted certainly three hundred, possibly four hundred years, yet sixty-eight years have passed since the last. Montem, from beginnings which no man can trace, became the greatest event of the school year. It is only a tradition to-day, a discreditable and astounding one, yet its abolition was contested by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. There was the Journey in procession to the Mount, with all the scholars in more or less picturesque fancy costume; there were scouts of various cognominal degrees out for miles around, distributing salt and urgently levying toll upon all and sundry, so that "not even servants were allowed to escape payment." To give salt was the nominal function; to rake in money became the actual business. The proceeds of all the cadging and cozening were handed to the Montem captain for the year. Out of the proceeds he had to feed certain hundreds of scholars at stated inns, to pay for breakages and other damages by drunken, riotous



THE FOURTH OF JUNE AT ETON: THE TEN-OARED "MONARCH," HEAD
OF THE RIVER, LEAVING FOR THE PROCESSION.

Photograph by Sport and General.

boys; to fee runners and porters and others who had helped to get in the money. The balance he kept for himself. As much as £1000 would be hauled in in this way, and up to the very last year the captain averaged a clear £200 for himself. Montem had become a sort of national scandal and a blot upon the educational system of the College at which the scions of our best families are educated. It was condemned as licensed brigandage, as "something between begging and robbery." Hawtrey pluckily fought against the evil, but the Great Western Railway did the trick. In its opening year it carried a mob to the scene, and Montem became admittedly intolerable. The Crown gave way, and Hawtrey, out of his own pocket, presented £200 to the father of the boy who should have been Montem captain, and there has been no more of Montem.

The Official Fourth.

The Fourth at once leapt into greater prominence as the result. The procession of boats, and other aquatic joys, until then a surreptitious joy, became officially recognised, and Hawtrey drove in a four-in-hand to witness it. The whole programme became fixed and established from that year; the costuming of the boys for Speeches, the playing of the cricket match, the entertaining, the fireworks—all that makes up the modern Fourth and commemorates the king who atoned for losing us half a continent by giving us one of the most delightful social reunions of the season.



IN THE BUNCH: ETON BOYS BUYING
BUTTONHOLES ON THE FOURTH.

Photograph by Sport and General.



A VALHALLA AND A GRIEVANCE: THE MOTOR MUSEUM AND THE PRICE OF PETROL.

The Motor Museum.

Much credit is due to those who are responsible for the installation of the Motor Museum at 175-179, Oxford Street, W. Amongst the two-score or so ancient creaks which occupy the ground and first floors at the above address, there are several most interesting and epoch-making vehicles, of which, but for this collection, no more would have been seen by this generation. Others equally valuable in historic interest, but which were in isolated custody in remote places, have now been brought under one roof, where they can be studied of all men. Apart from steam 'buses, which ran from Paddington to the City in 1830, Colonel Crompton's steamer, "Blue Belle," which was doing good work on the Grand Trunk Road in 1868, and Bateman's steam tricycle in 1881, the exhibits present the progress and advance made in the short term of twenty-one years. Commencing with the Panhards of 1891 to 1892, we can mark the development through the cars of the intervening years, up to the first Argyll car of 1899, and the Marshall dog-cart, and the third Wolseley of 1900. Then there is the Albion car of the same year, and the two brainy Lanchesters of 1896 and 1897, which practically show more advance and original thought than all the others.

Holden's Wonderful Motor-Cycle.

While giving due credit to the ingenious originality of Mr. Fred Lanchester, attention must in justice be drawn to the really wonderful four-cylinder motor-bicycle invented and constructed by Colonel C. H. Holden, in 1895. The four-cylinder engine actually formed part of the frame of the bicycle, while high-tension ignition was provided, this being the earliest use of this form of ignition on an internal-combustion engine. There is no doubt that this machine is the earliest example of the application of a four-cylinder petrol engine to a road vehicle of any description. The only weak point in the whole design was the fact that the connecting-rods from the piston cross-head drove directly on to short cranks on the spindle of the

The Petrol Agitation.

Urged, obviously, by the general outcry, the Royal Automobile Club hastily convened a meeting of importers, vendors, and users of petrol at the Club House in Pall Mall on Monday evening, June 3, under the chairmanship of the Hon. Arthur Stanley, the Chairman of the Club, to consider the question of the present excessive price of this fuel. Sir Marcus Samuel, the Chairman of the Shell Company, made a long and interesting statement, which seemed to suggest that the Port of London Authority was at the bottom of most of the trouble, as, for some inscrutable reasons, they would only permit the landing of petrol from the Shell steamers at Thames Haven, and by one company. As petrol can only be brought from Thames Haven by barge, any trouble like a strike or a fog on the river must at once arrest the supply for London, which is always from hand-to-mouth at the best of times. Sir Marcus asked for the assistance of the Club and cognate bodies in bringing pressure to bear upon the Port Authority to permit petrol to be unloaded at Purfleet, whence it could be carted right away.

The Tax a Burden. With the exception of America, parts of which are, of course, very close to some sources of supply, it would appear that London is at the moment buying her petrol at a lower cost than any other petrol-using city. For instance, Berlin is now paying 2s. 1d. and Paris 2s. 3d. per gallon, both of which quotations include import duties about equal to our own. It did not appear, from Sir Marcus's remarks, that the use of landing facilities at Purfleet would reduce the cost, but it would avert trouble and shortage in the event of a strike similar to that in force at the moment of writing. In girding at the present price of petrol, it must not be forgotten that, but for the petrol tax of 3d. per gallon, with which the present Government were permitted to handicap the industry without protest, petrol could be sold at



THE FIRST LONDON MOTOR-CAB, BUILT IN 1897 AND ONCE USED BY KING EDWARD.

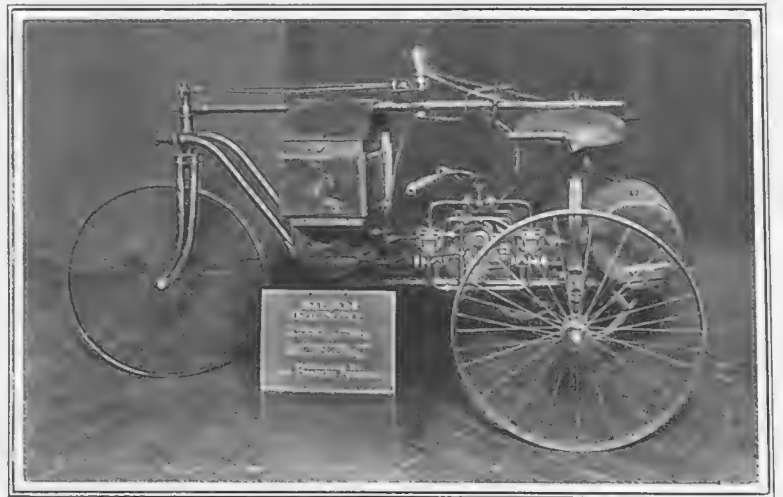
This car is one of the exhibits at the Motor Museum founded by the "Motor" at 175-179, Oxford Street. It was presented by its constructor, Mr. W. C. Bersey. The vehicle, which is electrically driven, was the first motor-cab ever licensed to ply for hire, and was used at the first motor-car wedding on record, in 1898. King Edward (then Prince of Wales) rode in it from Marlborough House to Buckingham Palace and back in November 1897.—[Photograph by Topical.]

of petrol, it must not be forgotten that, but for the petrol tax of 3d. per gallon, with which the present Government were permitted to handicap the industry without protest, petrol could be sold at



BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST CYCLE-CAR: A 2½-H.P. MACHINE BUILT IN 1900. This machine, believed to be the first cycle-car, was probably the first to use an air-cooled motor-bicycle engine. The special object of building it was to produce a car, constructed on cycle lines, that could be sold for £100. It has been presented to the Motor Museum by Mr. Henry Sturme. —[Photograph by Topical.]

back wheel. The result was, of necessity, a very small, heavy tyred rear-wheel, which must have tended to bad side-slips in wet weather. This machine seems only to have needed a geared-down chain or belt drive to a back wheel of normal diameter to have proved a perfect motor-bicycle.



BUILT IN THE LAST CENTURY: A STEAM-TRICYCLE OF MYSTERIOUS ORIGIN. This steam-tricycle, presented to the Motor Museum by Sir Charles Friswell, came into his possession ten years ago, but he knows nothing of its origin. It was built before 1900. The engine is a two-cylinder one, and probably developed from 4 to 6 h.p. The steam was generated in the box-shaped boiler in front.—[Photograph by Topical.]

is. 3d. per gallon. As suggested at the time, and as results show, a tax of 1d. per gallon would have been ample for all the purposes for which it was originally imposed, and we should not have the Road Board so glutted with money that they propose to lavish it on unnecessary supplementary outlets from London.

[Continued on a later page.]

A MEMBER OF TATTERSALL'S :

THE STORY OF A TURF ACCOUNTANT.

"THE greatest turf accountant in the world"—in that unqualified phrase *Sporting Life*, which is so exceedingly well known among sporting newspapers, has described Mr. Douglas Stuart, thus conferring upon him an enviable reputation in the world of horse-racing.

It has long been an axiom in the commercial community that those who study their *clientèle* most and give the best value for money always succeed in winning the greatest confidence of the public, and in obtaining the largest measure of its patronage. It was, however, reserved largely, if not entirely, for Mr. Stuart to apply this principle to those who find pleasure, if not profit, in "having a little bit on"—as Miss Connie Ediss used to sing at the Gaiety—at the various race meetings.

Concession after concession has been made by Mr. Stuart in the interests of his clients until it would seem that there is none left after the one which he has introduced during the last few weeks.

This is in relation to bets by telegram.

Everyone knows that mistakes occasionally occur in telegrams and that messages may be greatly delayed in delivery, or even lost. Turf accountants have used these facts to safeguard themselves by a rule couched in some such terms as "No responsibility is accepted for Postal errors or omissions." Thus, a telegram lost in transit or delivered with an incorrect wording has resulted in the sender receiving nothing, no matter how large the sum he should have won.

It is obviously a one-sided arrangement, for human nature being what it is—or what most people think it is—the average backer of horses is sure to say that the rule is hardly ever likely to be enforced when the sender of the telegram has backed a losing horse—unless he transposes the Gilbertian quip and substitutes "never" for the famous "hardly ever."

The unfairness of penalising a client for an error of the Post Office struck Mr. Stuart, whose motto has always been to give every opportunity to those who do business with him to do it on the most equitable terms to themselves. He has therefore decided that, in future, he will pay the full amount called for by any telegram which has either been incorrectly transmitted or not delivered, provided that he receives a certified copy of the telegram, and this can be obtained from the Post Office for an expenditure of threepence.

How valuable is this concession may be judged from the fact that during the last year's racing season, no fewer than fifty winning telegrams addressed to Mr. Stuart at his offices, 102, New Oxford Street, W., were lost in transit; but he paid on them without demur when the sender produced a certified copy of the wire. It is a rule of his house that all winnings due to his clients are dispatched on Saturday, with full details of the account, showing how the amount for which the cheque is made out has been arrived at.

In other respects Mr. Stuart has riddled the old regulations about telegrams with innovations.

Before his time punters sending telegrams from railway stations were hedged about with vexatious restrictions. Why such restrictions were imposed is not difficult to understand. It was entirely in the interests of the bookmakers to safeguard themselves against information obtained late in the day from probably inspired quarters. Mr. Stuart's logical mind, however, saw that this introduced an unfair factor, and he abolished it. Now a telegram sent to him from

a railway station is accepted in exactly the same way and under the same conditions as any other telegram, without any irksome restrictions.

The abolition of the time-limit of telegrams is another advantage which backers have obtained at the hands of the astute turf accountant whose name and reputation for probity and consideration of his clients are known throughout the world. Many men like to wait until the last possible moment to make their bets. This is particularly the case with owners of horses attending meetings who desire to invest large sums with the certain knowledge that their winnings—if they win—will be forthcoming without any question. Mr. Stuart accepts all such bets sent from race-courses up to the actual time of starting, irrespective of the time set for the race, and he pays such bets, no matter how large may be the amounts he loses.

And he has lost some sensational sums.

Everyone interested in horse-racing will recall the famous "double event" bet last year by which Mr. Stuart had to pay £10,010 against an original stake of a single ten-pound note on Mercutio in the Lincolnshire Handicap and Glenside in the Liverpool Grand National. This year, his "double event" transactions have cost him an even greater sum, for he has already paid over £11,000 in such wagers over Long Set in the Lincoln Handicap and Jerry M. in the Grand National, apart altogether from large amounts over each horse individually.

Although not nearly so sensational as the famous £10 "double event" bet, an astute and well-known gentleman-farmer and breeder of race-horses near Northampton had the pleasure of winning £3558 13s. 4d.; as the result

of an investment of £11 2s. 5d. on those two horses.

This is obviously a singular sum for a bet. How it came to be wagered happened in this way. It was the balance standing to the client's credit in Switzerland when he sent instructions that all the money he had at Mr. Stuart's Deposit Branch was to be put on this "double event." At the time he wrote, January 11, the odds were 20 to 1 against Long Set, and 16 to 1 against Jerry M. £11 2s. 5d. at these odds worked out to £3558 13s. 4d., which Mr. Stuart laid and paid.

This bet is additionally interesting because it exemplifies another feature of Mr. Stuart's business and marks a striking departure from the accepted methods of other bookmakers. In the ordinary way, would-be backers doing Deposit business in Switzerland write and ask for a price. By the time they can get a reply from the bookmaker and write to make their bet, several days have elapsed, and the odds may have gone down considerably, so that they get a much shorter price than they could otherwise have done, or, more often, they get their commission returned with a printed circular, "Price now unobtainable."

With Mr. Stuart, the time at which the letter is post-marked determines the odds, so that his clients never "miss the market," and get every

possible advantage of making their bets under the most favourable conditions to themselves.

The Northampton gentleman's bet illustrates another of Mr. Stuart's methods, which those who do business with him have found exceedingly convenient. This is a system of deposit accounts, which enables his clients to bet at the daily starting-price. The headquarters of this business are now at Liestal, Switzerland,



Photo. Seiler.

MR. STUART'S SWISS BRANCH: THE MANAGEMENT OFFICE AT LIESTAL.



Photo. Seiler.

FOR FUTURE EVENT BUSINESS: A CORNER OF THE S.P. DEPARTMENT OF THE LIESTAL BRANCH.

which town Mr. Stuart found to be the most convenient, and where he was able to obtain suitable premises to allow for ample future expansion.

Most turf accountants limit the meetings at which they do business. Mr. Stuart does not. It makes no difference to him whether the meeting is a big one or a little one; whether it is



Photo. Seiler.

AT LIESTAL: TYPISTS AT WORK.

flat-racing or jumping; whether it is held in the United Kingdom or on the Continent, so long as the programme or results are published in *Sporting Life*.

If a race were run in Timbuctoo and *Sporting Life* took official notice of it, Mr. Stuart would, under certain conditions, accept all legitimate bets about it

and would pay his losses just as readily as he would expect to collect his winnings.

In a word, Mr. Stuart's clients need never trouble about the meetings at which he is accepting business, for there is practically no meeting at which he is not prepared to bet.

It would be tedious to enumerate all the other innovations introduced into the betting world by Mr. Stuart. One more, however, must be referred to. Until he came into the field it had been the universal rule of all bookmakers to declare "Off" all bets for "Places" when the favourite started "odds on." Mr. Stuart at once abolished this in his business and allowed the full odds. Now other turf accountants are gradually following his example, but they usually restrict the odds in such place-betting to 2 to 1, or some other small limit.

While it may generally be regarded as picking up money to back favourites at "odds on," there are opportunities for making far larger sums by backing a fancied outsider, both to win and for a place. This is obvious, for the return on an "odds on" horse is exceedingly meagre even if he does win, while the place prices on other horses are often ten or twenty times the price of that of the favourite.

This was strikingly exemplified in the Great Sapling Plate, run at Sandown Park, last October. There were seven horses to face the starter. The favourite was Absurd, which started at 100 to 12 "on" to win and 25 to 1 "on" for a place. On the other hand, the betting about Coriander was 100 to 1 "against" to win and 33 to 1 "against" for a place, there being only seven runners.

The result of the race was that the rank outsider Coriander won, with Absurd second. Those who invested a sovereign on the favourite both to win and for a place, lost a pound and won tenpence, while those who backed Coriander in the same way with Mr. Douglas Stuart, and for the same amount, won £133.

It will, not unnaturally, be asked what guarantee backers have that their bets will be paid not only in full, but without demur.

The answer is very simple.

Mr. Stuart is a member of Tattersall's, a distinction too highly prized to admit of the introduction of anything like evasion, however onerous or large the amount he may be called upon to pay.

In the ordinary relations of men, however, occasions necessarily occur when they do not see eye to eye on a given transaction. To meet any such contingency, and to settle any dispute which may thus, unavoidably, occur, Mr. Stuart provides that such matters shall be arbitrated upon by the Committee of Tattersall's, or by the Editor of *Sporting Life*, and the decision arrived at is final and binding on both sides.

Seeing how widely known is Mr. Stuart, how extensive are his operations, and how great has been his influence for good and for upholding the integrity of the bookmaker's calling in public estimation,

it is hardly a subject for wonder that he has made so great a success. Still, no one can carry a great business, involving large sums of money, on his own shoulders unaided. If the greater part of his success is due to his own hard and conscientious work, something must also be accredited to the knowledge of character and capacity for judgment which have guided him in the selection of his aides. His staff consists of experts—accurate, rapid, and methodical. No matter how great may be the volume of the day's work, it is handled with the precision of a machine, without error or delay. Mr. Stuart himself must have a well-ordered nervous organisation, seeing how great must necessarily be the strain involved in seeing thousands of pounds won or lost as the result of one horse being able to gallop a little faster than another. To Mr. Stuart, however, it all comes in the day's work. And a day's work with him is a strenuous affair, which begins with the first post in the morning, in readiness for which he and his secretaries, typists, and accountants are always waiting.

As each letter is opened, Mr. Stuart reads it and passes it to the head of the department concerned, adding a few words of instruction, when necessary, as to the way in which it is to be dealt with. The clerks who record the bets have each a certain portion of the alphabet allotted to them, and they receive the communications of only such clients as those whose names begin with the letters they deal with. This simple arrangement enables the instructions and correspondence of each client to pass always through the hands of the same clerk, who thus gets to know the wishes and customs of the client as thoroughly as if he were to see him personally at each transaction.

By the time the letters have been dealt with, telegrams have begun to arrive, each boy generally delivering from twenty to fifty messages, according to the importance of the day's racing. If the meeting is a big one, it is no uncommon thing for two thousand commissions by wire to be received and dealt with in the London office alone, apart altogether from those which are dealt with at Liestal, those which are arranged by letter, and those which are transacted over the telephone.

The force of contrast always makes us think of the contrasted thing. Watching the incessant stream of the coming and going telegraph boys, Romeo's beautiful description of Juliet—"her little feet will ne'er wear out the everlasting stones"—jumps to the mind. The hard stone staircase leading to Mr. Stuart's offices has been so badly worn by the messengers that it has been necessary to renew the stairs twice within the four years during which he has been at his present address.

To deal with such large transactions as Mr. Douglas Stuart's business involves, every detail must move with perfect precision and smoothness. His office is conducted with the same regularity and freedom from friction as a bank, although the constant rushing to and fro of messengers might give the impression of a bank when there was a run on it.

It was not, however, always thus. When Mr. Douglas Stuart began business for himself, a couple of clerks and a single telephone line were quite sufficient for his needs. Now, with

the enormous expansion of his *clientèle*, he has a staff of some seventy expert assistants, and a private branch exchange for dealing with instructions by telephone; for, large as is the number of Mr. Douglas Stuart's clients, it still increases by leaps and bounds, as those who are satisfied with the treatment they have received at his hands tell their friends, and so his business grows like the proverbial snowball.



Photo. Seiler.

IN THE LIESTAL BRANCH: THE MANAGEMENT ROOM.



Photo. Seiler.

SETTLING WINNING CLAIMS: A BUSY TIME AT THE LIESTAL BRANCH.

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I have helped thousands of women to obtain perfect development through a simple means by which any woman can easily enlarge her bust to the exact size and firmness desired.



Free to Readers of "The Sketch."

Thousands of women are to-day the possessors of beautiful busts and perfect forms as the result of an accidental discovery made more than two years ago by Madame Margarete Merlain, whose fame has now spread to nearly every part of the world. While taking a new prescription for building up her health, Madame Merlain suddenly noticed that her bust was growing from almost nothing to a very large size; in fact, her bust measure increased six inches in 30 days.

Physicians and chemists to whom the matter was reported arranged to try the new treatment she had used on ten other women without busts. The results obtained within a few days truly astonished the sages of medicine and science, and in a few weeks each of the ten women had obtained a most marvellous enlargement of the bust. Next it was tried on 50 women without busts, and the same marvellous enlargement was obtained.

Madame Merlain is herself a living example of the great power of her remarkable discovery. By many she is considered to have the most beautiful bust and most perfect form of any woman in Europe. But, best of all, this wonderful discovery not only succeeded in her own case and in those where special tests were made, but it seems to have worked even more astonishing results in the cases of others, even after ordinary pills, massage, wooden cups, and various advertised preparations had all been tried without the slightest results.

Miss Helen Marion Buckett, of 166, Cholmeley Road, Reading, writes:—"Since using the Venus-Carnis treatment my bust has developed in all four inches, an improvement for which I am extremely thankful."

Madame de Zisbrowsky, of Paris, says: "My bust was flat and soft, and, thanks to your marvellous treatment, I now have a bust, firm and well developed, which is the admiration of all. I am all the more grateful to you as I had already tried several other remedies which had all been without the least results."

Madame Dixon, of Cannes, says: "The great hollows in my neck, which were my despair, have completely disappeared. My bust has become firm and considerably larger, and I am now able to wear low-necked gowns without shame and humiliation."

Mrs. McGee, of Colwyn Bay, Wales, says: "My breasts, which were a short time ago quite flat and undeveloped, are now, I am proud to say, round and just as large and firm as I desire to have them. I also feel much brighter and better than before."

Madame Districh, of Leipzig, Germany, writes: "I am entirely satisfied, and I never imagined that such results would be possible, because for several years I have been ill, and was constantly following treatments of one kind or another. I have not only obtained a beautifully curved form and firm flesh, but my general health has been greatly improved."

Dr. Colonnay, of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris, declares: "No matter whether a woman be young or old, nor what her condition of health may be, I firmly believe that in the Venus-Carnis treatment she has an infallible method for developing and beautifying her bust."

Dr. Domenico Scuncio, of Prata Sannita, Italy, states:—"I beg to confirm my previous letters concerning the Venus-Carnis treatment, and I have pleasure in informing you that my patient has used this treatment and is very satisfied with the really marvellous results that she has obtained. I can therefore conscientiously state that this treatment is excellent, and that it can in no way be compared to others of its kind, claiming to give the same results."

There are hundreds of just such statements as the above on file in my office, as well as actual photographs taken one month apart, before and after the use of this remarkable treatment. You can come and see them for yourself, or, if inconvenient to call, I will gladly send you, absolutely free and under plain sealed cover, complete information regarding the exact means by which you can enlarge your own bust to the size and firmness you desire. All I ask is two penny stamps to help cover cost of posting, and I positively guarantee you a beautiful bust in thirty days, no matter how flat or undeveloped you may be at present. What this treatment has done for others it is bound to do for you. Use the free coupon below to-day.

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Cut out this coupon and send to-day with your name and address, or write and mention No. 805L, enclosing two penny stamps to help cover postage expenses, to Margarete Merlain (Dept. 805L), Pembroke House, Oxford St., London, W. and you will receive full information regarding the exact means for making your bust as large and firm as you desire, absolutely free, under plain, sealed cover.

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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Those Tell-tale Dates.

Even the Salt of the Earth have their grievances, and I often wonder why feminine members of the aristocracy do not "strike" to have the tell-tale date of their birth omitted from the Peerage. For of what use is it for the lovely Marchioness of Rugby, coroneted and bejewelled and dressed in Dover Street, to appear at an evening party looking no more than thirty summers, when anyone can see, by glancing at Debrett, that she was born before the Crimean War? Royalties, to be sure, have to pay the penalty of their exalted rank, and the booming guns on their birthdays mount up the exact number of their years, telling the man and woman in the street that this especial Royal Highness is reaching the sere and yellow leaf. But these are beings apart; their destinies are mapped out for them, they have no social prestige to keep, they need not be "in touch," they do not depend on looks, health, and good spirits for the attention and affection of their contemporaries. And they never need—unless they seek this dismal fate deliberately—find themselves "upon the shelf." It is otherwise with the female Aristocrat, who is sometimes constrained to sit on the same kind of back-seat as her prototype in the suburbs. Moreover, now that girls—even girls circling in the highest flights of Society—do not always marry young, it is indiscreet of Burke and Debrett to give away the secret of their years. It may be urged that a charming spinster in her thirties is, nowadays, not supposed to *coiffer* *Sainte Catherine*; still, a little mystery might surround these agreeable and sprightly young women. Yet all the time one has the suspicion that they themselves do not care a fig.

Living in Public.

Those in the seats of the mighty, to be sure, get accustomed to living, as it were, in public. Their faces, thanks to the ubiquitous photographer, are familiar to millions of their contemporaries with whom they are not even on bowing terms, for they cannot cross a racecourse, have a constitutional in the Park, or take a day's partridge-shooting without their portraits appearing in the daily and weekly Press. Nowadays we are not only admitted to the home life of Royalty, we must know what a Duchess has for afternoon tea, and how a famous politician amuses himself from Saturday to Monday. The modern development of photography has made privacy impossible for well-known persons, so that they cannot drink a glass of Elizabethan-Quelle at Homburg, or take a lesson in ski-ing at Wengen, without the interesting event being chronicled in black and white and spread broadcast in at least one hemisphere. In short, their age, their doings, their whereabouts, their habits, and their tastes are all nowadays public property, and only the most retiring Backwoodsman is able to baffle the insatiable curiosity which is so notable a characteristic of the day.

The Decline of Fine Names.

For several years now, the sentimental or pretentious Christian name has been steadily declining in favour, so that well-born young people on their way to the christening-font are more likely to receive from their god-parents such names as Peter or Sarah, Patrick or Jane, than the Percys and Muriels of a decade ago. Even "Jack" has given way to "John," while old English cognomens like Pamela and Barbara, Francis and Edward have quite ousted the Ermyntudes and Cecilias, the Reginalds and Trevors of yester-year. The eighteenth-century names, I suppose, must have come in with the fashion for Adam decorations and Hepplewhite furniture, for four-post beds and Chinese-patterned chintzes. But all these

modes come and go, and now that Algernons and Evelyns are to be found playing in the gutters of Mean Streets, it is incumbent on the aristocracy, and the plutocracy which apes it, to call their children simple Tom and Mary. And, in an age of Democracy, with Labour unrest, and the very foundations of society rocking beneath us, it is well not to make class distinctions too glaringly evident, even in a child's name. It is better for a Leader, nowadays, to be called David, Andrew, or George than to be saddled with the prefix of the proudest Norman baron. A prominent American Senator, Mr. Clark, has boldly dropped the first part of his Beauchamp and calls himself by the uncouth, but arresting name of "Champ."

Love—and Robert Browning.

All the scribes are busy with the name of Robert Browning just now, and one of them, in a current review, makes much fun of the early-Victorian, conventional attitude of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett in the matter of their famous elopement. Seeing that they were both beginning to be

famous poets, Mr. Francis Gribble seems to expect that they would act like Shelley or Georges Sand, and set up housekeeping in Italy "without benefit of clergy." It is true that, for the first half of the nineteenth century, Italy was the haven to which flew all the Northerners who loved illicitly or were ostracised in their own country. The Brownings, following the fashion of other poets, set off to beyond the Alps, to the land of unconventionality, and Mr. Gribble finds it eminently early-Victorian that they should have called in the parson on their way. This writer, indeed, takes up the Latin attitude that matrimony and love have nothing in common, and he is bewildered by the strength of the great poet's adoration for his frail and middle-aged wife. For, at forty, the author of "Sonnets from the Portuguese" was able to inspire one of the most extraordinary passions in history, and it was owing to this intense feeling of the great poet for his wife that he was first convinced of the immortality of the soul.

**BEAUTY'S ARMOURY: NEW PARISIAN DESIGNS FOR EVENING CONQUESTS.**

From left to right the figures represent (1) an evening gown in *charmeuse* "absinthe," the paniers edged with Alençon lace, and the same lace, embroidered in gold, being used in the front of the bodice. (2) A rose-coloured *crêpe-de-Chine* evening gown. The bodice suggests a crossed fichu, made of tulle embroidered with silk; the skirt is outlined at the hem with this same tulle, and is slit up one side to show the foot; it has a small pointed train. (3) A gown of black *mousseline-de-soie* veiling a pale-mauve satin sheath, of which the front is incrustated with guipure Cluny lace. (4) An evening mantle of orange velvet, cut on the shoulders in a fichu shape, and from there downwards made of guipure and black Chantilly. The collarette is of orange-coloured tulle.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on June 29.

SHELLS.

THE reduction in the Royal Dutch dividend a week ago took all the steam out of the Oil Market for the time being, and Shells were especially affected and registered a considerable drop. It was at once suggested that the dividend of this Company would also suffer a reduction. This we at the time believed to be unlikely, but the selling became so heavy and the market seemed so certain that a reduction would take place, that in the end we felt convinced this view was right.

We understand that the reduction in the case of the Royal Dutch Company is not due to any diminution in the prosperity of the business, but solely to political troubles in connection with concessions in Sumatra, of which the Standard Oil were trying to obtain possession, as usual, by indirect means. The result has proved the market information to be correct, and the reduction from 22½ to 20 per cent. in the distribution seems, under the circumstances, wise, but shareholders need have very little anxiety; the financial position is excellent, and current business is the same. The recently issued capital will shortly be remunerative, and the new contracts which the Company have lately undertaken will largely increase their profits.

NICARAGUA.

Since the scheme for the settlement of the Nicaraguan External Debt was refused in January last, the Council of Foreign Bondholders have taken the matter in hand, and a fresh scheme is now offered for the bondholders' acceptance, which appears to be a considerable improvement upon the previous one, when, it will be remembered, it was proposed to reduce the nominal value of the bonds. Under the new scheme the capital remains the same, but the interest is to be reduced to 5 per cent., all arrears, however, being paid in cash. In return for this concession, the Nicaraguan Government have agreed to the appointment of a Collector-General who is to collect the entire customs of the Republic, and reserve the necessary funds for the service of the Debt. The revenue from this source is about £200,000 a year, or sufficient to cover the interest on the bonds about three times over.

The appointment of the Collector-General is to be approved by the United States Government, and Nicaragua undertakes to recognise the right of appeal to the same Government in the case of any violation of this agreement. On the whole, we consider the scheme a very fair one, and the enhanced security which it will assure should fully compensate bondholders for the loss of interest.

THE ANGLO-CONTINENTAL AFFAIR.

The long-awaited announcement by the directors of the Anglo-Continental Mines, Ltd., made its appearance in the middle of last week in the form of the report of Mr. Balfour (made on behalf of the West African Mines, Ltd.), and the Directors' remarks upon it. According to this report the Jemaa lode appears to be practically non-existent: "Six feet wide, containing about one-half per cent. of tin with patches containing 15 per cent. over a foot" can hardly be called a lode. The Directors add that they are unable to explain the divergence between this report and that received from the late manager, and it would need a very thorough inquiry to do so. The present report is not dated, but as Mr. Balfour has been on the property since April, it has presumably been made after a thorough examination of the property, and there is no reason to doubt its accuracy, and so it probably marks the end of the affair. One of the least pleasant features has been the way in which information has been forestalled on the Stock Exchange, and altogether it has not been very creditable. While the public have to put up with this sort of thing in conjunction with what has occurred in the case of certain Rhodesian and South African companies, it is hardly surprising to find a growing distrust of all mining shares.

RIO NEGRO.

We have on several occasions this year referred to the good prospects of the Argentine land companies, and among these the shares of the Rio Negro Company appear to have been rather neglected, and we believe a purchase at present would prove profitable.

This Company was formed in 1907 to take over some 593,000 acres of pastoral land from the Argentine Southern Land Company in the Rio Negro Territory, with a capital of £250,000, on which 5 per cent. was paid for the year 1910-11, as for 1909-10.

Prospects for all companies in this part of the world are excellent for the current season, and in the case of this particular one there is the additional attraction of the opening of the Government Railway from the port of San Antonio, which will pass through the property and greatly facilitate transport of all kinds.

The extension of the Buenos Ayres and Great Southern Railway will also bring the Company's estate into direct communication with Buenos Ayres.

THE SANTA CATALINA AND OTHER NITRATE COMPANIES.

The following Note by our valued correspondent "Q," who is recognised as an expert on Nitrate matters, quite bears out the view we have taken of the position—

Although the conditions of the Nitrate trade may be described as "ideal," the market for Nitrate shares has not yet responded to these conditions in any marked degree. The value of shares is, however, gradually creeping up, and when the considerable increase in dividends which must follow the increased price of nitrate of soda becomes a *fait accompli*, an all-round rise in quotations will no doubt follow. The current price of Nitrate on the coast is 8s. 2d. per quintal, and it is being freely bought all over this year and next. The price only a short time ago was 6s. per quintal; the average price for the year ended June 1910 was 6s. 10d., and for the year ended June 1911, 7s. 2d. In the latter year, the average profit earned was about 1s. 4d. per quintal. On current prices, therefore, and allowing for some increase in cost of production, most Companies will be able to show an *increase of 50 per cent. in net profits*. Many Companies are also preparing to augment their output largely. I may instance, especially, the Liverpool Nitrate, Rosario, Tarapaca and Tocopilla and others. Among the cheaper shares, I should like to draw attention to-day to the shares of the *Santa Catalina Company*, which are still quoted under 50s., and are no higher now than they were six months ago. The Company's financial year ends in June, and for the year to June 1911, a dividend of 22½ per cent. was paid. The production was 375,000 quintals, and the profit per quintal was 1s. 5d. It may be taken as probable that for the current twelve months the profit per quintal will be 50 per cent. higher, and a dividend of at least 30 per cent. is looked for, while probably considerably more will be earned. I expect to see these shares advance to 70s. this year, and they appear to be among the more attractive bargains in this market at the moment. Q.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

The cartwheel hat, the radiant smile, and the dainty china—what more could fatigued finance require to produce forgetfulness of the Stock Exchange, and the restfulness born of comfortable lounges?

"Black as night, hot as hell, and sweet as sin": that's the ideal coffee for me!" and the speaker quoted the old-world definition as though it were his very own, the while he toyed with an Apostle spoon, and blew cigarette-ash all over the tiny table.

"How do you find these new commissions affecting you?" he stopped in his useful occupation to ask.

"They're doing us good," was his friend's reply. "Our country-broker business is not hurt, so far as we can tell, and, of course, we are obliged to take bigger turns, now."

"The scale presses very hardly on the average client, I think," said another man. "To charge a man one-and-threepence at £8 is what I call a bit thick."

"I suppose we shall all get used to it in time. Look at what we are charged for a cup of coffee, and how gratefully we pay it!" This for the benefit of the Fair Hostess, who, however, didn't hear.

"What my clients object to," said a broker, "is paying fourpence-halfpenny on what you might call speculative favourites, such as Chartered or Linggi, where a man will have a dash for a short turn, provided you help him by putting the brokerage low."

"And you think that a higher rate will deter a man from speculating if he wants to?" asked Our Stroller.

"It will stop this particular class of business," was the reply. "And this kind of thing—quick in and out—helps to make markets free."

"Tell you what it is," observed another. "We jobbers suffer more than you brokers. You come to us with limits which are only practicable if we give away part of our turn."

"I've lost quite a lot of money like that already," endorsed a fellow-dealer.

"Just shows how you used to do us down before," retorted a broker. "Because, obviously, you don't put your bargains through for love now!"

"We would if all brokers were as polite as you," was the prompt rejoinder. "But it strikes me that the new scale will want plenty of modification before it will work either fairly or easily. Two coffees, four cigarettes, and a packet of tobacco. Threepence the lot, isn't it?" he said, laying down half-a-crown. His dismay at the change was tragic.

Our Stroller said he supposed the Stock Exchange had put up its summer shutters.

"We never do much in the racing season," said his broker. "Come into the Street and have a look round."

"It seems a pity to leave this pleasant place; however, I must submit to your good pleasure!" and up he got.

"There's a portrait in the Louvre——"

"Yes, I know the one you mean. Funny you should have noticed it, too. Mind the cart."

"Anything doing in Yankees?" he asked a jobber.

"Not much. New York's just bid for Steel and Atch."

"Can't see my way. This election business is very confusing to my poor intelligence."

"You can back the rise against the fall, anyway. Where else are you going to get any speculative activity till the autumn?"

"Oils," replied another broker laconically. "Good market, that."

(Continued on page 324.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Important Headdresses.

The great century-past ball taught dress-lovers many things, none so distinctly as the importance of head-dressing. It was really not a good period to choose, for lady's dress was not sufficiently distinctive. Many of the frocks could quite well be worn now. Of course, it was a capital time for men's uniforms and costumes; ladies, in order not to be left out of it, had to depend for effect largely on their heads. Very gallantly did the headdresses respond to the call upon them. They were imposing and quaint and varied, and they were as a rule becoming. Turbans were in most favour; some were of Oriental suggestion, in bright colours, with jewels and bright-hued ostrich-feathers. Lady Sarah Wilson's had a high silver crown, quite stiff and hung with jewels, made of soft silver gauze, with a whole bird-of-paradise in it. Miss Minnie Cochrane's was white with a roll and rosette of silver and a line and crescent of diamonds at one side, while in front was a high upstanding lancer plume rising from other plumes, all white tipped with pale blue.



THE LUGGAGE-VAN OF AN AERIAL EXPRESS, BAGGAGE IN THE CAR OF THE CLEMENT-BAYARD IV.

A considerable amount of luggage can be carried on a large dirigible. The photograph was taken on board the latest of the famous Clement-Bayard airships.

Photograph by C.P.

Summer is capricious, and it is well to remember this. A safe dress and a smart one is in soft, dark-blue taffetas. I saw it at Peter Robinson's in Regent Street, where there are dozens of delightful models to choose from. This one was in the latest style, with soft paniers and a square panel at the back, with a suggestion of one in front. Between the panels and on the bodice were little dark-blue silk tassels. A deep, pointed vest of white embroidered net was outlined by cleverly fixed frills of shadow lace, also used as ruffles for the elbow-sleeves. A flap of the front of the arm turns back, showing the ruffle. As a compromise, a three-piece costume—coat, blouse, and skirt of white fancy crepon, embroidered in raised outlining, with Mandarin blue-and-white—is dainty and effective. The coat has a deep collar of alternate lace and Mandarin blue satin. For brilliant warm sunshine, a lovely gown is of white net, embroidered very handsomely in white and combined with macramé lace. The skirt falls in long panels of embroidery deeply flounced with lace and finished with lace. The inner bodice of plain net has an outer one of embroidered net and lace, and a waistband of purple tulle. It is elegant and distinguished. I saw many others, equally attractive; lack of space confines me to remarks on these three.

The Beauty Gem. For a beauty to wear, and for beauty in itself, the pearl stands first of all the gems. A wonderful exhibition of pearls began on Monday at the show-rooms of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, and will finish on Friday. Such pearls have seldom been seen together. Words are so inadequate to express the subtle loveliness of a grand pearl that I will not string them together in vain attempts. Rather will I urge gem-lovers to go and see for themselves strings of matched beauties, such as really raise

enthusiasm. The Goldsmiths Company bought a very large consignment of the finest specimens of these gems, straight from the East, last autumn. Fortune ever favouring the brave, there was a boom, to put it colloquially, in pearls soon after; and since then the prices for them have steadily risen and are rising. So well does the system of giving customers the benefit of such *coups* answer, that the Company allow these wonderful gems to go at what are profitable investing prices. There are dear, wee pearls strung into necklets for children at £2; and there is a wonder string, that is a joy to look at, at £32,000. There are, between, pearls of many a price—earrings single, round, lovely; rings; collars set with diamonds—a new one has the pearls strung on platinum in a flexible lattice, with a diamond hung in each lattice, and a little knot of diamonds falling from it in front. There are ropes of small pearls, punctuated at intervals with large ones. Quite a craze is now to collect for these, beginning with a small pearl necklet, then buying a few large ones, at opportunities so favourable as this, and finally, possessing a rope of real worth.

Revealed.

The unrivalled skin specialist who made the world-known Cyclax preparations has hitherto preserved a kind of anonymity. Now, however, she has decided that she will in future associate her own name—Mrs. Hemming—which is known privately to every Court in Europe, with the public department of her wonderful business. There are beautiful consulting-rooms, and appointments, being eagerly sought after, should be made in good time. An atmosphere of life and success pervades the whole establishment at 58, South Molton Street. Mrs. Hemming's booklet entitled "The Preservation of Natural Beauty" can be had on application.



FOR ASCOT AND AFTER: AN EMBROIDERED GOWN OF WHITE NET COMBINED WITH MACRAMÉ LACE.

This and other Ascot costumes, to be seen at Messrs. Peter Robinson's in Regent Street, are described in the article on this page.

For Ascot and After. The next item on the dress programme is Ascot; summer costumes are required.



HOSTESSES OF THE LOVE-IN-IDLENESS DANCE AT "SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND": (LEFT TO RIGHT) LADY ALEXANDER, MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST, LADY MAUD WARRENDER, AND MRS. CHARLES HUNTER.

A series of Shakespeare Garden Dances has been arranged in the Empress Hall at Earl's Court, each dance having a particular flower for the decorations and the dresses. The series began with the Love-in-Idleness Dance on the 4th, to be followed by the Marigold Dance on the 11th, the Larkspur Dance on the 17th, the Four Red Roses Dance on July 16, and the Lily Dance on July 23.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

Continued from page 322.]

"Believe you're right," was the reply. "They don't let 'em go down much."

The trio went drifting down Throgmorton Street, both Housemen agreeing that the Oil Market looked good enough to last. They drew up on the edge of the Oil crowd and watched a dealer noisily offer Shells.

"I'd buy them if I had any pluck."

"I'd buy them if I had any money."

Our Stroller laughed. "Supposing I have five-and-twenty?" he suggested.

"Can't hurt you," said both brokers at once. His friend went and did the bargain. "Come along," he said, emerging from the group. "Let's get a move on us; I've got some work to do at the office."

"Anything here?"—he was stopped by a Kaffir jobber. "We're not bad, you know."

"How's trade?" demanded the broker.

"Rotten, and that's the truth. Prices go up a bit, but the public don't come in, and we're all starving."

"They tell me to buy Gedulds," said the broker.

"It's very right, too, I think. There is something going on, and if that comes off, up go Gedulds."

"Rand Mines are my special favourites," said another dealer, joining them. "Can't help thinking they will have a big jump there before long."

"Not before the summer, surely?"

"Why not? The dividend's going to be good; the price is low, speculation in Tin has been killed by the Anglo-Continental affair; so why not Kaffirs?"

"It's a long time since we had any life there, you know. If it—"

The taxi cut up the conversation.

"Must wait till the House settles down all round," said the broker, as he and Our Stroller walked on. "But we all think the Kaffir Market *might* buck up, you know!"

INDUSTRIAL YIELDS.

Many readers are often asking for Industrial investments which will give them a good return and not cause them to run undue risks, and we think the following shares might be bought with fair confidence by those who like to employ their money in this class of security. In all the shares named there is a fairly free market, so that the investor need not fear a lock-up.

To pay from 4½ to 5 per cent., we suggest—

Brighton and Hove Gas Ordinary	yielding	£5 0 0
Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Cumulative Pref ..	"	4 10 0
Price's Patent Candle Ordinary	"	4 18 0
St. James's and Pall Mall Electric Pref. ..	"	4 16 0

To pay from 5 to 6 per cent., we suggest—

Anglo-American Telegraph Def.	yielding	£5 16 0
Charing Cross Electric Ordinary	"	5 5 3
Jays Ordinary	"	5 18 0
Westminster Electric Ordinary	"	5 11 0
Indian and General Trust Cumulative 5 per cent. Pref.	"	5 1 0

To pay 6 per cent. and over—

Barker, John, and Co. Ordinary	yielding	£6 6 6
Lady's Pictorial 5 per cent. Cumulative Pref ..	"	9 0 0
Paquin Ordinary	"	7 10 0
Spratt's Patent Ordinary	"	6 7 6
Sanitas Shares	"	6 0 0

None of the above entail on the holder any liability, and are, in our opinion, all very fair trading risks, especially if the investor does not put too many eggs in one basket. With regard to Anglo-American Telegraphs, the Deferred stock yields a higher rate than the Preference, and, under the lease of the line to the Western Union, has the same security.

Saturday, June 8, 1912.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

GUAYAQUIL.—The payment has now been made, and when we wrote we knew that the money was here and would be distributed in a day or two.

ELSIE.—We have no information, as the concern is not known here.

SAVEY.—See this week's Notes. You should be able to find what you want among the Companies we have named.

S. A. C.—The people are touts, and the circular should be put in the fire.

EBDEN.—Have nothing to do with the American gentleman and his mining shares.

ARTEAR.—We suggest for your relative: (1) Chilean Northern Railway Debentures, guaranteed by the Government. (2) Lyons Preferred Ordinary shares. (3) Indian and General Trust 5 per Cent. Preference stock. (4) Anglo-Argentine Tram First Preference. She will get just over 5 per cent. for her money.

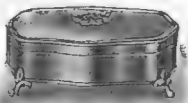
C. L. S. E.—The proportion should be 11½ new shares for 10 old ones, so that you seem to have got your proper quantity. The address is 8, Old Jewry, E.C.

C. L. S.—Your letter has been answered.

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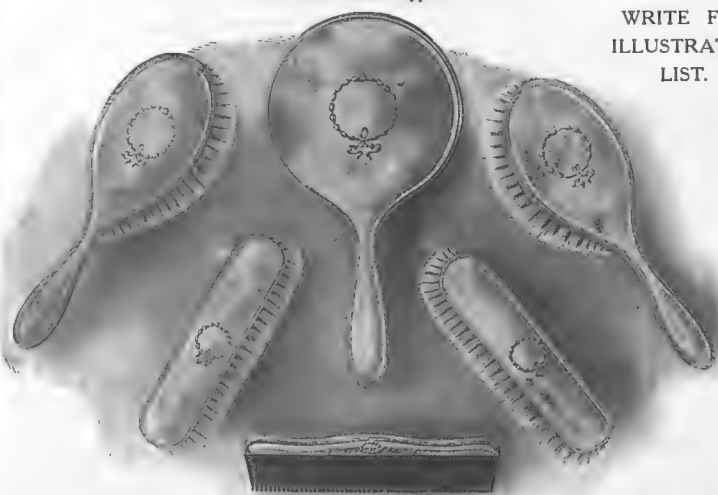
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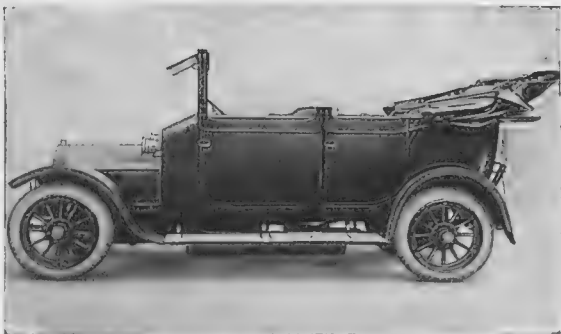
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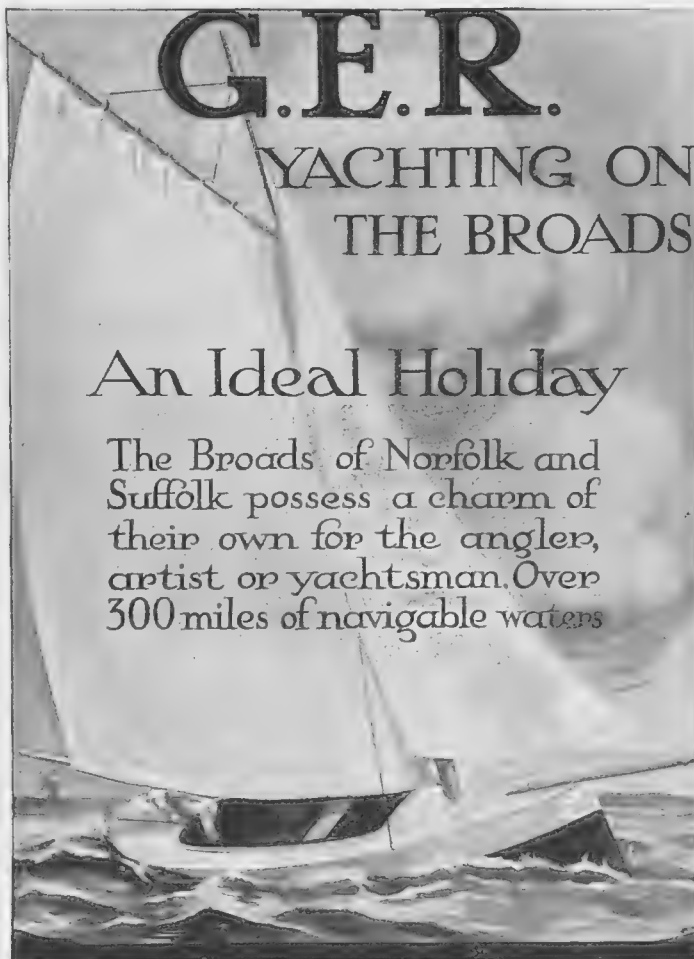
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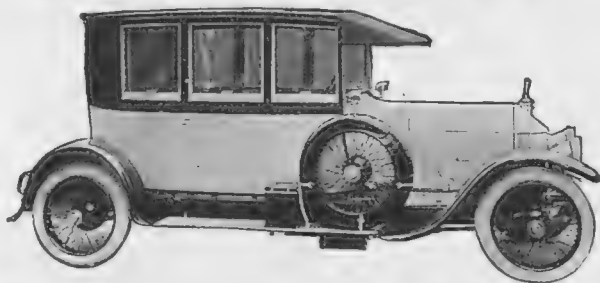
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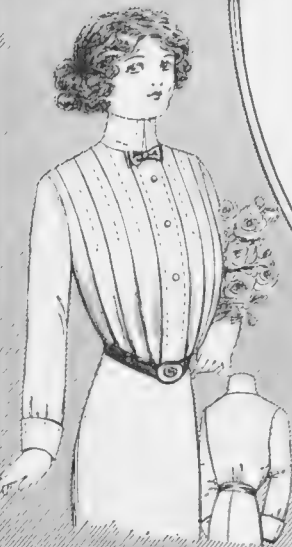


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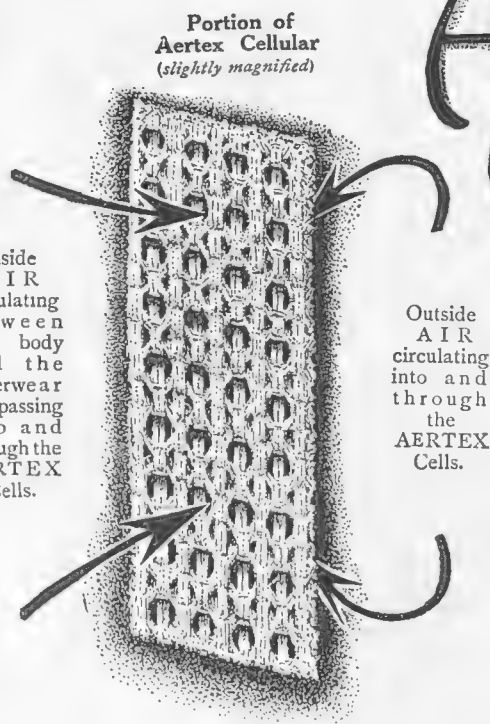
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"OLD CHAIRS TO MEND,
OLD CHAIRS TO MEND;
IF I'D AS MUCH MONEY
AS I COULD SPEND,
I NEVER WOULD CRY—
'OLD CHAIRS TO MEND!'"
OLD LONDON CRY.



Born
1820—
Still
Going
Strong.

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The Modern Cry—"JOHNNIE WALKER"

For ninety and two years there has been no change in its blending—is is one of the old things there is no "cry" for mending. All experts agree that there are periods when whisky is at its best; our experts contend there are three. Choose for yourself———Johnnie Walker "White Label," 6 years old. Johnnie Walker "Red Label," 10 years old. Johnnie Walker "Black Label," 12 years old. Every bottle bears this label:—"Guaranteed same quality throughout the world."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, Ltd., Scotch Whisky Distillers, KILMARNOCK.

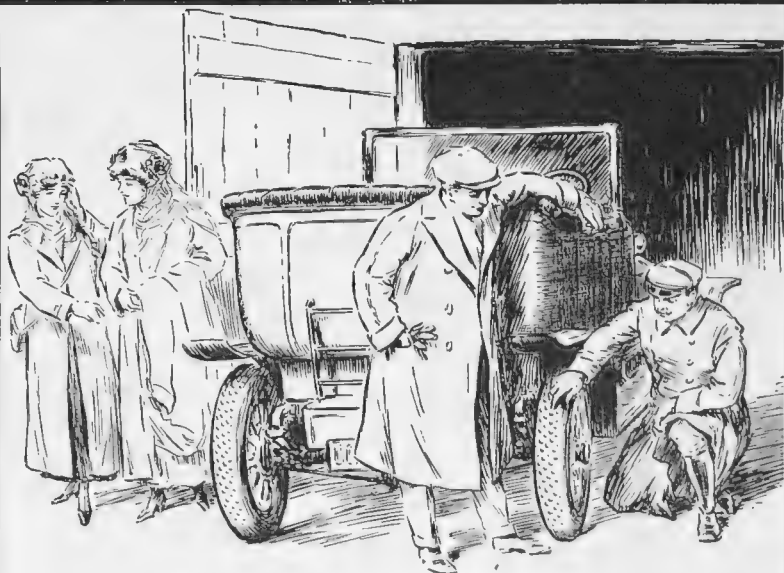
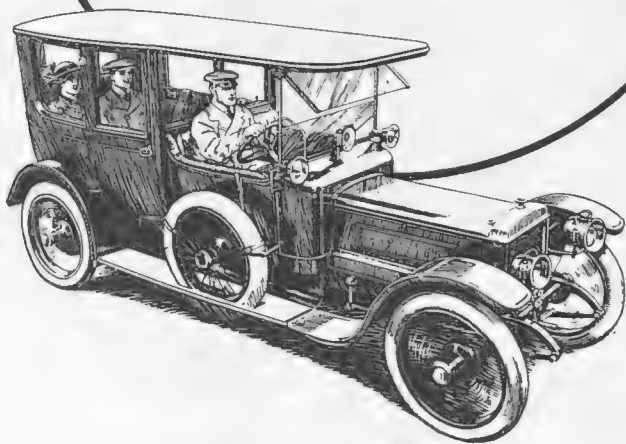
Efficiency.

A really efficient engine is one from which it is possible to constantly maintain the maximum amount of power for size—an engine that will always *pull* lustily and steadily under load, will *hang* on up hill, and is capable of turning its power into high speeds on the level.

The sleeve-valve Daimler owing to—in the first place—the principle of its design, and—in the second—the excellence of the workmanship put into its construction, is the most efficient petrol engine the world has ever produced. It is quite an easy matter to prove this statement, and to those who are interested the Daimler Company will be only too pleased to send a parcel of explanatory literature.

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CHAUFFEUR—"Yes, Sir, but it's the regular average with Goodrich Tyres."

"Personal examination confirms that there is something unique about Goodrich rubber. Not only is it peculiarly soft, but it is particularly fine and close in grain, combining in a remarkable degree the two essentials of toughness and resiliency. Examination of a Goodrich tyre after it has run a couple of thousand miles or so would open a good many motorists' eyes to the possibilities of rubber when it is carefully selected and properly treated. Evidence of natural attrition there is bound to be present, of course, but the absence of cuts and the general condition of the cover will prove that shod with them the wheels of the motor-car need not necessarily be labelled 'the wheels of chance'!"

—From "Truth," May 8, 1912.

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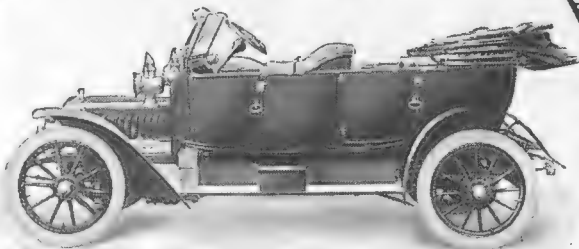
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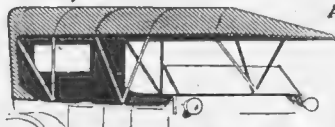
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A FAMOUS PIANIST



Photo, E. H. Mills.

How moods exhaust energy—

In an interesting interview with Mr. Mark Hambourg, the famous pianist seemed to anticipate and reflect the feelings of those around him in a marvellous manner, but undoubtedly whilst this acute sensitiveness is most vital to the musical temperament, it is at the same time its greatest weakness. For so thoroughly does the great musician himself experience all the emotions which his playing expresses, that after continuous recitals his nervous energy is quite exhausted, and he finds that a course of Phosferine is an immediate necessity. Mr. Hambourg considers that the invigorating properties of Phosferine are perfectly adapted to protect and strengthen those delicate nervous organisms which are weakened by their own exceptional activity.

And the way to replenish it.

MARK HAMBOURG writes:—"I consider I have derived considerable benefit from the use of Phosferine, and find it to be an excellent pick-me-up after my recitals."

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Phosferine is used by the Royal Families of Europe, which, in plain language, means that every user of Phosferine knows and feels that this famous Tonic is commended by the greatest living Physicians.

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GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Backache
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Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain-Fag	Hysteria
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and disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.



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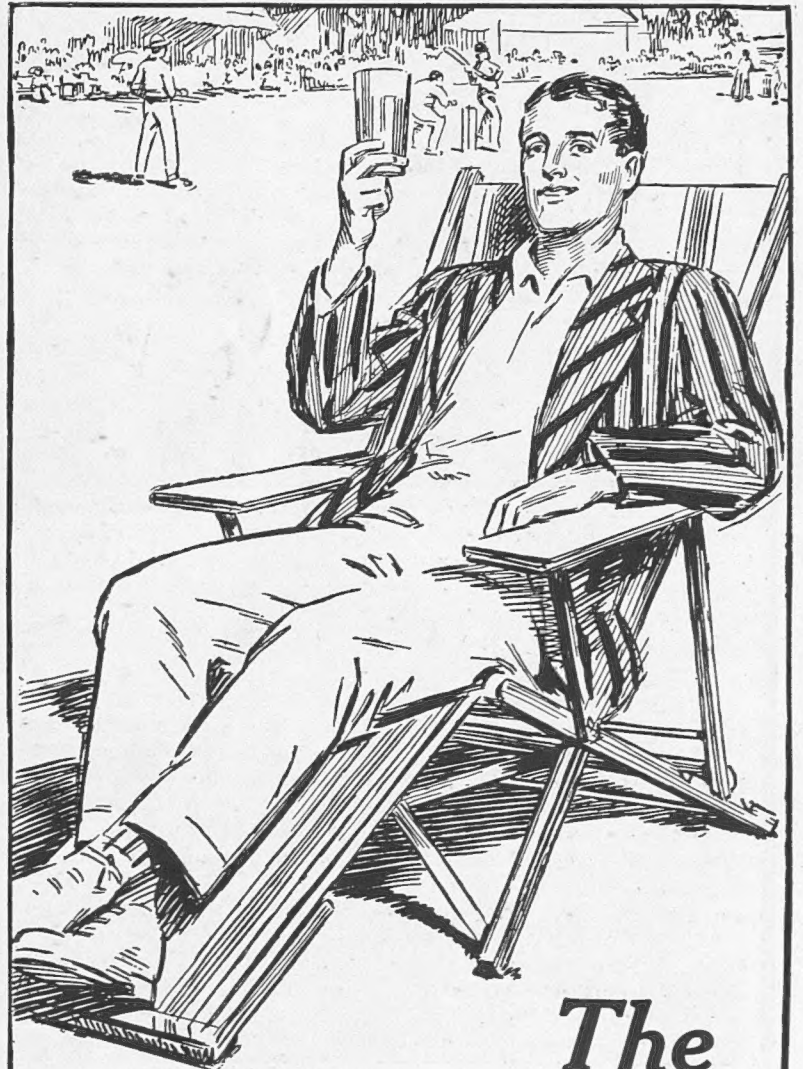


To the Royal Family
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H.M. the King of Spain
H.M. the King of Greece
H.M. the Queen of Roumania

H.M. the Queen of Spain
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And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the world.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1¹/₂ size.



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The triangular test of flavour, quality, refreshment, proves the reliability of Ross's Belfast Ginger Ale.

"Ross" has no variation of "form." Made always with pure sparkling water from the Ross Artesian Well—always with the finest ingredients—always with the same judicious amount of aeration, it wins at every "test."

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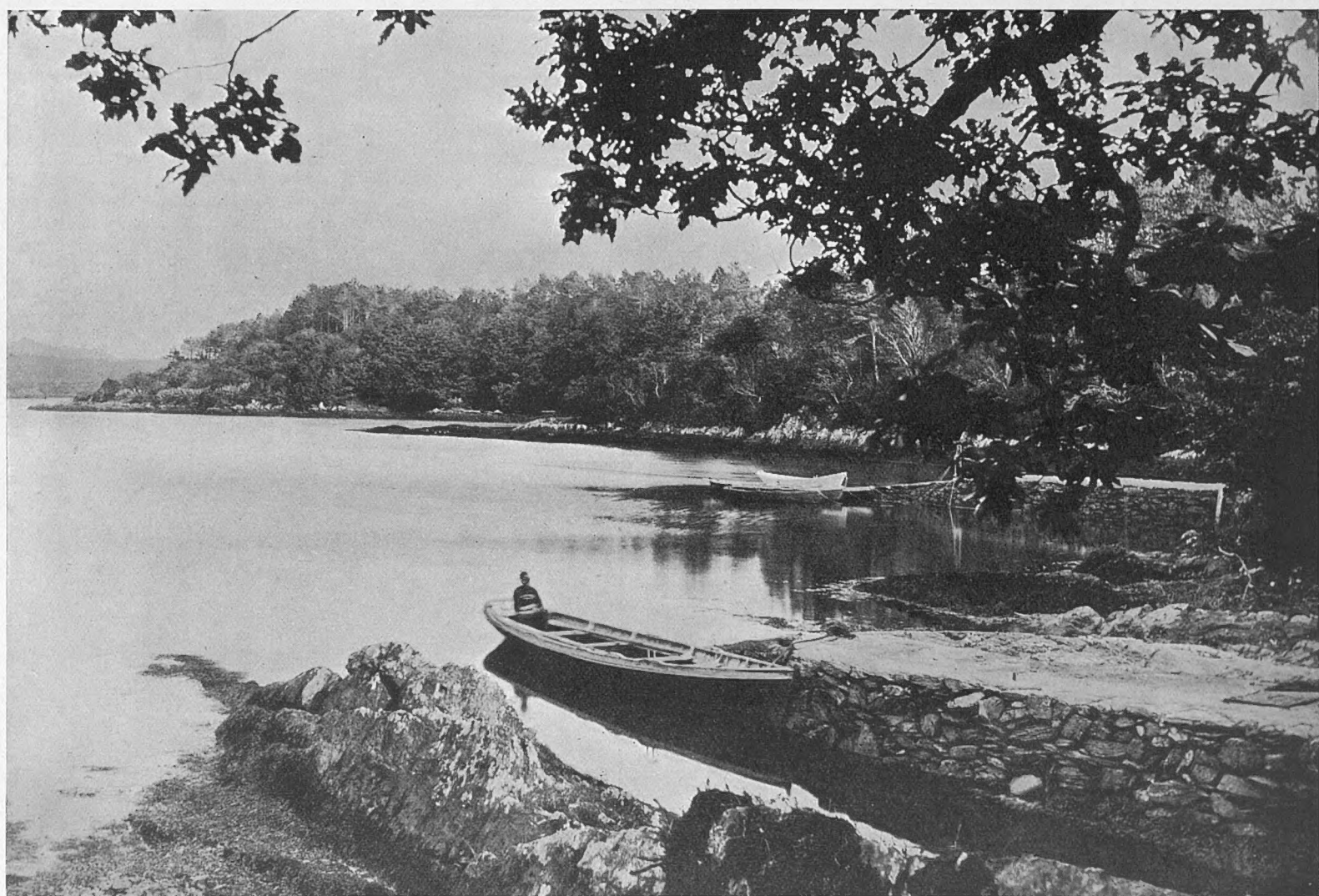
"Ross" blends perfectly with spirits. Ross's Soda Water has the same natural blending excellence.



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Garnish Island, off the Sea Coast, Parknasilla.

Photo. Lawrence, Dublin.

Parknasilla on the Sea Coast near Killarney.

Parknasilla nestles in a sheltered and secluded spot in a land of arbutus and myrtle on the wild and beautiful Atlantic Coast, near Killarney. It is the most charming place in Ireland, the variety of the landscape in the district being unrivalled. The tender grace of wood and water is set in a framework of hills; the green turf extends to the edge of an incomparable coast line crowded with picturesque islands and inlets.

Additional attractions will be found in the Bathing, Boating, Fishing (River and Sea), Tennis, Golf (at Kenmare)—all of which are free—and in the 150 miles of Magnificent Motor Coaching—linking up the famous beauty spots at Killarney, Kenmare, Parknasilla, Waterville, Glengariff, and Bantry—on the Prince of Wales and Grand Atlantic Coach Routes. First-Class Hotel: moderate charges. Express trains (vestibuled) from Dublin or Rosslare. Breakfast and Dining Cars. Through Bookings from all the principal Railway Stations.

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Re MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN.
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Re LADY FLORENCE GRANT, Deceased.

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2 Large Choice Sheraton Design Mahogany Inlaid Bedroom Suites .. at	10 10 0
2 Choice Double Sheraton Bedsteads to match .. at	2 15 0
1 Elegant Queen Anne Design Bedroom Suite .. at	12 10 0
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Elegant Silver Ash Bedstead to match complete .. at	6 10 0
Costly Chippendale Design Mahogany Bedroom Suite, very fine .. at	32 0 0
Costly Sheraton Design Mahogany Inlaid Bedroom Suite, fitted Revolving Mirrors of very unique design (costly treble) .. at	45 0 0
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Uncommonly fine Satinwood Bedroom Suite, Inlaid Amboyana and Mother-of-Pearl .. at	52 10 0

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Fine set of Georgian Design Oak Chairs with Rush Seats, perfect preservation, 8 in all .. at	£ 7 15 0
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Quantity of Framed and Glazed Old Coloured Sporting and other Prints. Fine Collection of old Dutch Marqueterie Inlaid Furniture, in perfect preservation, including Cabinets, Writing Bureaus, Centre and Side Tables, Small and Arm Chairs, &c., &c. Would suit Connoisseur .. at	25 0 0
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The Costly Bronze and Marble Clock, and 2 Side Pieces, with Rich Ormolu Mounts .. at	4 15 0
Valuable Set of Table Crystal Glass, about 100 pieces .. at	4 10 0
Oval Extending Queen Anne Design Dining Table, with Extra Leaf .. at	7 15 0
Splendid Queen Anne Design Set of 2 Carving Chairs and 6 Small Chairs, all with Upholstered Panelled Seat and Shaped Legs, very fine finish .. at	2 17 6
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Also Bed and Table Linen, Carpets, Curtains, Draperies, Silver and Sheffield Plate, &c., &c.

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Grand Prix and Gold Medals,



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to H.M. the King of Spain.

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The Massive Solid Fumigated Oak Sideboard, fitted Handsome Glass Back Overmantel, fitted Bevelled Plate and Cupboard Top .. at	£ 3 15 0
Large Extending Solid Oak Dining Table, with Extra Leaf and Square Tapered Legs .. at	2 5 0
2 Handsome Easy Chairs and 6 smaller ditto, solid, exceptionally well finished, English Oak Frames, Upholstered Real Morocco Leather, complete .. at	5 5 0
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Roll Top Desk, 4 ft. wide, Drawers down each side, Solid Oak, Fitted Automatic Locks .. at	3 15 0
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The Very Fine Antique Design Pierced Brass Fender, on cast Claw Feet .. at	1 7 6
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The Very fine Bookcase, fitted large Cupboard at bottom to match .. at	6 6 0
4 ft. wide Leather Lined Pedestal Writing Table, fitted Drawers down each side en suite .. at	6 15 0
The Very Fine Large Chesterfield Settee .. at	5 10 0
Costly Set of Sheraton Design Dining Room Furniture, consisting of Choice Design Buffet Sideboard .. at	5 15 0
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Choice Sheraton Extending Dining Table .. at	5 5 0
Very Fine Armour Bright Fender Suite with Implements all complete .. at	2 10 0
Exceptionally Fine 6 ft. wide Sheraton Design Sideboard .. at	21 0 0

DRAWING ROOMS.

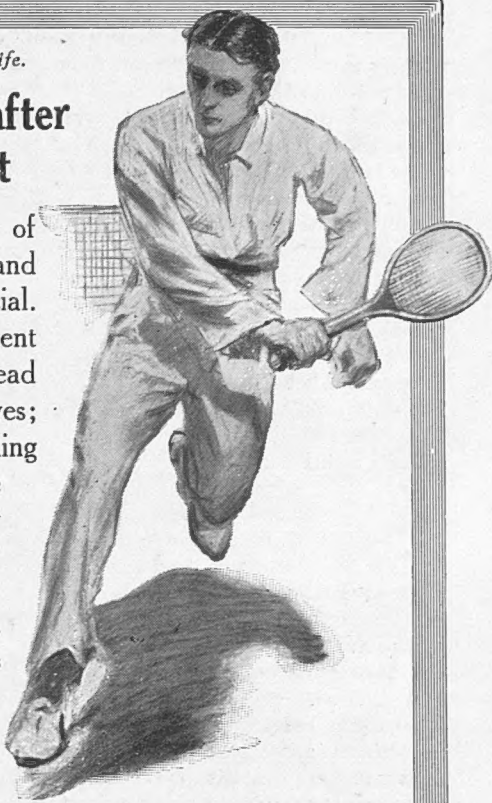
Costly Chesterfield Suite, comprising magnificent Chesterfield Settee, 2 Large Easy Chairs and 4 Occasional ditto. Covered rich French Broché Silk .. at	£ 25 0 0
Upright Grand Piano, Over-strung. A magnificent instrument, nearly new. Listed at 110 Gns. .. at	37 0 0
6 ft. 6 in. wide Amboyana Cabinet, Inlaid with Ivory and Richly Mounted .. at	18 18 0
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Three Carved and Gilt Bergier Chairs .. at	12 10 0
Pair of Valuable Old Carved and Gilt Torchères .. at	5 5 0
Carved and Gilt Centre Table, Italian Marble Top .. at	4 15 0
6 Louis XIV. Gilt Cane Seat Occasional Chairs .. at	0 18 6
Costly Carved and Gilt Graduated Folding Screen, fitted Bevelled Glass and Silk Panels .. at	12 12 0
3 Very Fine Chesterfield Settees, 6 ft. 6 in. long .. at	4 15 0
2 smaller ditto .. at	2 17 6
6 Large Softly Sprung Chesterfield Easy Chairs .. at	2 15 0
4 ditto smaller .. at	1 17 6
Fine Complete Collection of Satin wood Drawing-room Furniture, very beautifully Painted with Medallions of Marie Antoinette and Louis XV., comprising Cabinets, Tables, Escritoire, etc. Impossible to describe. Would suit Connoisseur .. at	57 15 0
Boudoir Baby Grand Piano, a magnificent Instrument, as New. Listed Price 125 Gns. .. at	7 10 0
Costly Set of Fine Old English Cut Table Glass, over 100 pieces .. at	7 10 0
A Very Magnificent Large Vernis Martin Cabinet of a design rarely seen. Dealers should inspect. Cost over 100 Gns. .. at	35 0 0
A Costly Vernis Martin Serpentine Front Commode to match .. at	25 0 0
French Ormolu and real Onyx Clock Set .. at	7 7 0

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Before and after a hot sett

—a liberal spray of "4711" on face and hands is beneficial. Before, its pungent odour clears the head and braces the nerves; after play, its cooling and restorative effects are simply marvellous.

"4711" is the original Cologne, and is sold by Chemists, Druggists and Perfumers throughout the world.



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EXQUISITE. AROMATIC. HYGIENIC.

The most Wonderful of all Hair Foods.

It supplies the daily waste that goes on in the tissues and prevents premature decay of the

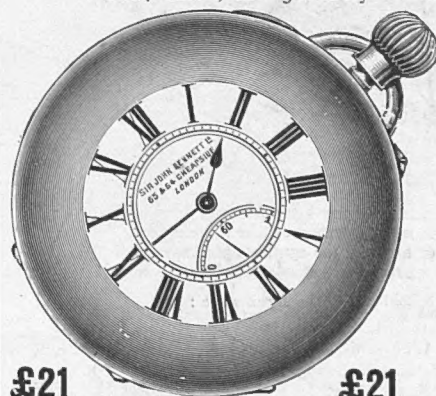
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It is as invaluable for Children as "grown ups." It gives lustre and tone. It is exquisitely perfumed and is a necessity to the toilet. Use it yourself. Use it for your little ones.

Sold in a Gold Tint for Fair Hair, 3/6, 7/- and 10/6 bottles by Stores, Chemists and Rowland's, 67, Hatton Garden, London. Mem. Get it to-day.

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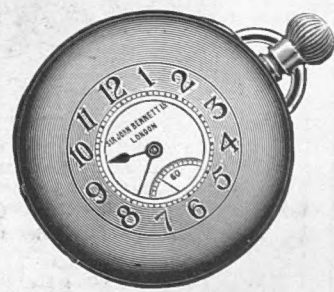
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OUR "COLONIAL."

Gent's Gold Keyless English 3-plate Lever, fully Jewelled and Compensated. Hunting and Half-Hunting Cases. Strong and serviceable, £21. Ditto in Silver, £10.



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Lady's Gold Keyless Lever, Perfect for Time, Beauty, and Workmanship. Ditto in Silver, £5.

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THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

Aids to Foreign
Touring.

Those motorists who, hounded from this country by police persecution, magisterial intolerance, and heavy hotel charges, are wisely contemplating a summer tour on the Continent, should remember that the 1912 editions of "The Motorist's Handbook to France and Germany," published by the Continental Tyre and Rubber Co., Ltd., of Thurloe Place, South Kensington, are now ready. For many seasons past these handbooks to touring on the Continent have proved their usefulness to motorists travelling to explore the two most interesting countries mentioned above. To afford the best service, they should be used in conjunction with the "Continental" atlases of France and Germany.

Silencers
Imperative.

It is pleasing to note the success of any British firm in matters appertaining to aviation. In spite of the success of the Green and N.E.C. engines, it is so often asserted that no British aeroplane engine can compare with those of foreign construction that it is more than a pleasure to chronicle the victory of the Green engine in the Alexander motor competition. In making the presentation of the Gold Medal of the Aerial League of the British Empire, General Arbuthnot emphasised the necessity for silent engines, particularly in respect to the work to be done in the military connection by aeroplanes. But silence should also be insisted upon in the interests of the public, in view of the time when aeroplanes will be frequent passers overhead. Should their engines then emit the ear-cracking, Maxim-like reports they do at present, life on earth would become unbearable. Silencers must be as imperative for aeroplanes as for motor-cars. Why not?

Strenuous Tyres.

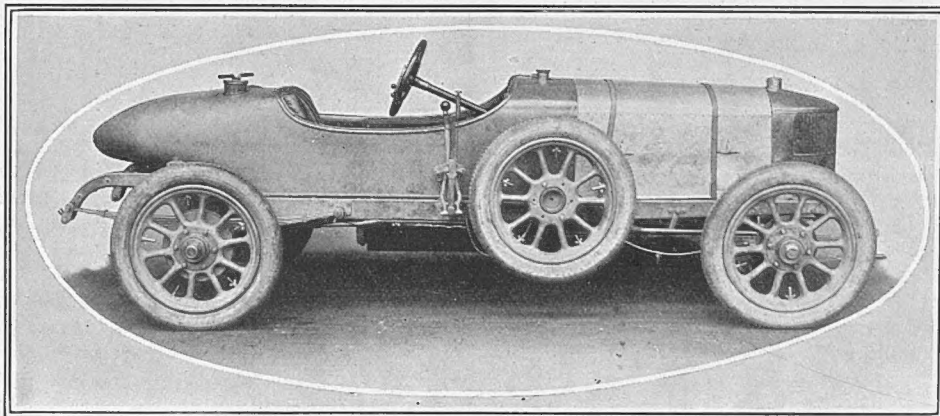
The 500 Miles' Sweepstakes held on the fine, up-to-date, and remarkably fast motor track at Indianapolis on May 30, resulted in a win for the National, an American-built car, driven by one of America's finest drivers, A. W. Dawson, who attained an average speed of 78.72 miles per hour throughout the event. The success of this car has not so much interest for people on this side of the Atlantic as the fact that the car—indeed, seven out of the eight cars classified—ran on Michelin tyres. The staunchness necessary to stand the fearful bucketing of this high-speed travelling for just over 6½ hours on end is more easily

imagined than described. It speaks volumes, if volumes were necessary, for the quality of Michelines.

The Débâcle of
the Aviettes.

What-ever hopes may have been raised, in the breasts of those whose purses are never likely to encompass an aeroplane, by the probabilities of the Aviette Trials held on June 2 last, these have been most summarily dashed to the ground by the absolute failure of all the various machines engaged in that event. The handsome prize of

£400 offered by the House of Peugeot has failed to provoke the production of a single machine which could be raised one inch from the ground by the applied muscular efforts of a human being. Having regard to the mathematical aspects of the case, I fancy our learned technical friends, with Mr. Fred. Lanchester at their head, could demonstrate, in a wild flourish of the abstrusest formula, that by no possible means could one man, even though a Sandew, exert sufficient power as an aero-motor to raise his own weight, and the weight of the apparatus through which he must exert his lifting power, from the ground. It would therefore appear that the story of the flight of three hundred metres performed by a man-motored machine before the Trials, and which gave rise to so much hope, owed something to a kindly imagination.



FITTED WITH MICHELIN TYRES: A SINGER RACING-CAR FOR THE GRAND PRIX.
The Grand Prix is to be held over the Dieppe Circuit on the 25th and 26th of this month. There are two Singer cars entered for it.

B.S.A.

"Everything that the name implies."

B.S.A. AGENTS.

The full and complete list of B.S.A. agents being too large to publish weekly in our advertisements, it is our intention to take but one district each week, and give the name or names of the agent or agents who have taken up the agency for these cars in the particular district mentioned.

The second of the series is Yorkshire, and the Agents are:

Bradford: T. Dyson, Ltd., Park Road.
Leeds: Mr. R. Wilkie, 68, Albion Street.
York: Mr. H. J. Lloyd, Davygate.

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and see better**

with the DOLLOND PRISM BINOCULAR than with any other glass of the same power.

Though the lightest and handiest of glasses, the 'Dollond' affords a wide and brilliantly illuminated field of view, perfect definition and pronounced stereoscopic effect. The optical system is of the highest possible quality and will not tire the eyes, even with prolonged use.

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£6 0 0 MAGNIFICATION EIGHT TIMES. COMPLETE IN CASE.
Liberal allowance for old glasses in exchange.

7 Days' Free Trial!—We will gladly send a "Dollond," together with any other make of prism glass for comparison, on approval, upon receipt of substantial cash deposit, or usual references.

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